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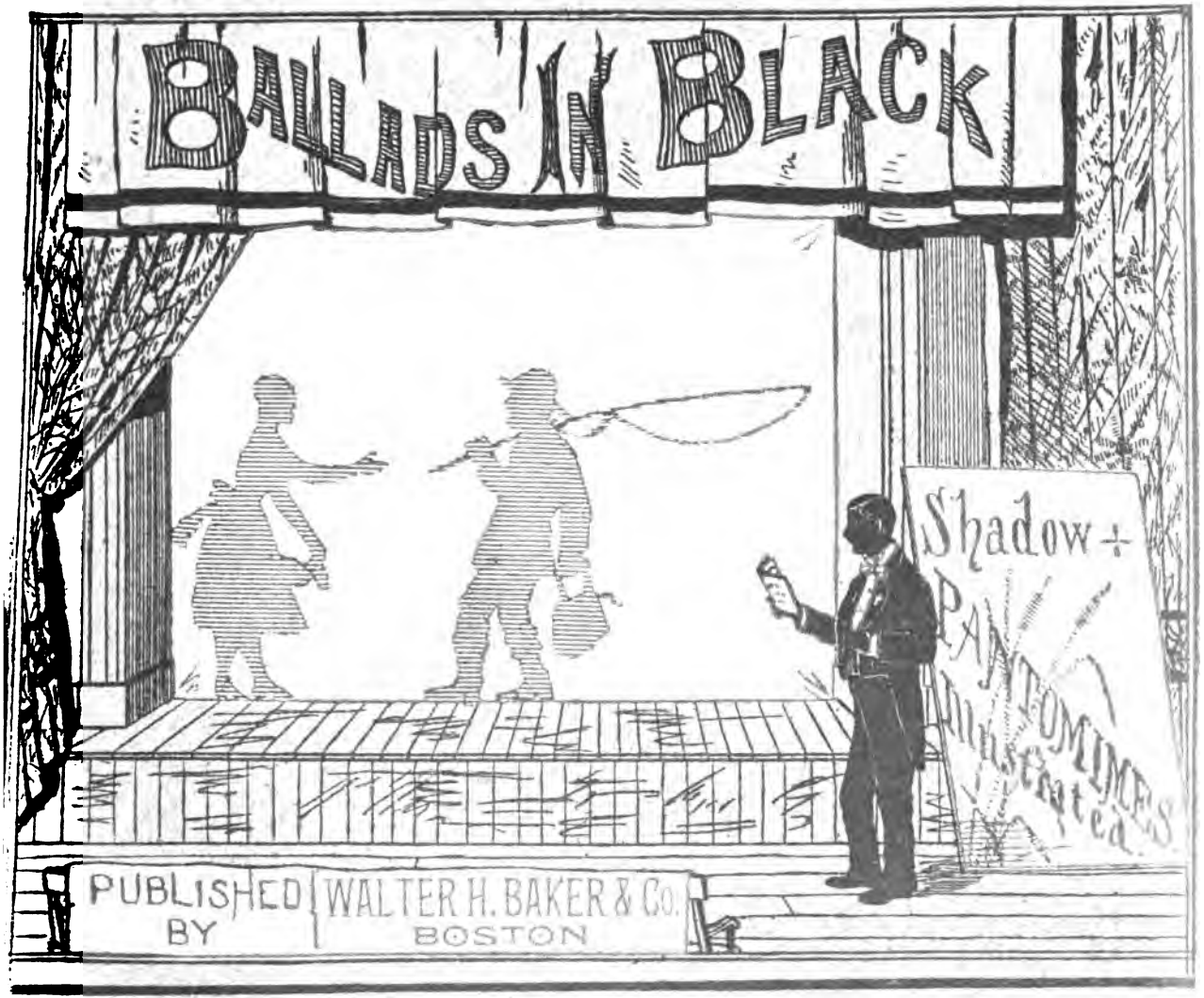


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SHADOW PANTOMIMES

With Forty-Eight Full-Page Silhouette Illustrations

AND FULL DIRECTIONS FOR PRODUCING SHADOW PICTURES
WITH NOVEL EFFECTS

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Author's design in offering this volume of Shadow Plays is threefold: first, to amuse such buyers as cannot read with the clever pictures supplied by the illustrator; second, to entertain such as *can* read but have no eye for Art with the appended productions of his own doggerel Muse; third, to provide lovers of the style of entertainment known as the "Shadow Pantomime" with a variety of pieces suitable for representation in that way, and to assist them, so far as lies in his power, in getting them up. The Author does not care for money — and perhaps it is just as well that he don't.

It is with these pieces considered as Shadow Pantomimes *only* that this Preface is concerned. The general style and scope of this form of entertainment is no doubt familiar to most of our readers through the great popularity of the "Ballad of Mary Jane" (originally published in Scribner's St. Nicholas), which has been represented in this manner very frequently and with remarkable success during the past few years. It consists, briefly, in the reading of a short narrative to which a continuous series of illustrations is supplied by means of a Shadow Pantomime. The reading is not necessarily continuous, but may be interrupted from time to time, for longer or shorter intervals, in order to give the actors opportunity for the elaboration of "business." The reader should attend all rehearsals, and familiarize himself with whatever action is intended to be introduced, — even noting its duration in each case upon the margin of his book, — in order to graduate his pauses as accurately as possible to the requirements of the actors. In addition to these rehearsed pauses he should stand prepared, even during the representation, to make others at a hint from any of the performers, in order to accommodate those inspirations in the way of comic "business" which frequently arrive too late for rehearsal; and to facilitate such communication

he is usually stationed behind the screen. He should at all times remember that he is in most respects a decidedly "second fiddle" in the performance, and should comport himself with becoming humility.

The actors, whose shadows form the illustrations to the narrative, are first in importance. Each one is assigned some particular character in the story, which he is to dress and enact as appropriately and amusingly as he can. In his entrances and exits, and in all critical "situations" in the plays, he should obey *literally* the demands of the text; elsewhere he may follow its general spirit merely, materializing it with whatever action he may deem best. As the success of the whole affair will depend upon his inventive genius for comical action, and as the reading is made subservient to his needs in this respect, he is urged to spare no pains in the invention of such "business," and to elaborate it to the utmost extent consistent with the appreciative powers of his audience.

A competent stage-manager — preferably some one not otherwise connected with the affair — is essential to the success of the entertainment. Upon his shoulders rest the mechanical arrangements of the piece and the general supervision of both rehearsals and performance. It should be his duty to keep in check the natural impetuosity of the reader, to prompt the performers from a carefully marked book in regard to their entrances, exits, and general responsibilities, and to see that they maintain always their proper positions relative to screen and light.

The means employed in producing the shadow-pictures are very simple, and, no doubt, quite familiar to most of our readers. The prime requisite is a screen or curtain of thin, white cloth. It is of little importance how this is arranged, so that it is strained as tightly and as free from inequalities as possible, and is as large as circumstances will permit. In default of a better substitute, a sheet, stretched across the opening of a pair of folding-doors, will do very nicely; but it is to be borne in mind that the larger the screen, in all cases, the greater will be the freedom of action permitted to the performers, and, consequently, the more satisfactory the effect. The front, or that side appropriated to the audience, should be kept entirely dark during the performance, while the back, or actors' side of the screen, should be illuminated by a single bright light placed exactly opposite its centre and as near to the floor as possible. For this purpose a low drop-light may be used, — where gas is available, — so placed as to present the *edge* of the flame toward the screen; or, in case the curtain be of small dimensions, a large candle may be very conveniently employed. The following contrivance also has been recommended: "A tin cup

filled with tallow, in the centre of which is a cotton wick secured by a wire coil soldered to the cup's bottom to prevent it from falling down when the tallow is melted." It is usually directed that, in use, "this lamp be placed in the centre of a flat dish filled with sand, as a precaution against accident" in the event of its being overturned. Whatever may be the source of light employed, it is to be borne in mind that no reflectors of any sort are to be used.

The proper distance of the light from the screen is, in all cases, directly proportional to the size of the latter; the larger the one, the nearer the other, and *vice versa*. Its exact position must be determined in every case by experiment; and it should be remembered that the greater the distance possible in any case, the better will be the effect of the shadow-pictures. To indicate the division into acts of such pieces as demand it, or to mark the close of the entertainment or of any of its parts, a small, opaque body — a large book, for example — may be placed directly in front of the light. This will effectually prevent the illumination of the screen, and yet leave light enough to enable the actors to prepare for the next piece or act.

To prevent the apparent partial amputation of the lower extremities of the shadows due to the impossibility of placing the light *exactly* level with the floor, a narrow platform is sometimes constructed, equal in height to the altitude of the source of light and extending across the stage at a distance of a foot or so from the screen, upon which the actors stand while engaged in the performance. This contrivance not only serves to throw the shadows of their feet into equal prominence with the rest of their bodies, but also, by keeping them always at the same distance from the screen, maintains their shadows constantly of the same bigness and gives them greater freedom of action.

Whatever action they may be engaged in, the performers should always strive to present the *profile* as nearly as possible toward the *light* — not toward the screen; for, owing to the great divergence of the light's rays in the case of a screen of any size, considerable distortion of all shadows cast at a distance from its centre is inevitable, unless the profiles of their objects be kept perpendicular to the rays. All performers who are not actually engaged in the business of the scene should be careful to stand *behind* the light; otherwise their shadows might intrude upon the picture rather inopportunely, and mar its effect.

Such scenery as is called for may, in most cases, be cut out of thick brown paper and pinned against the screen. It makes little difference, however, what material is employed, so that it be sufficiently opaque to cast a black shadow, or what outline be followed,

if only it satisfy the requirements of the text. In the case of "trick" scenery, — like the tree and cottage in "Drink," or the house in "Orpheus," — a light wooden frame covered with paper or pasteboard should be constructed of the proper form, and placed, when in use, close to the screen. The necessity of this will be apparent upon reading the appendices to those pantomimes. Scenery which is to be permanent throughout the piece, and which is not directly concerned in the action, may be very conveniently made of small dimensions, and placed *near the light* in order to cast an *enlarged* shadow. A very little experimenting will determine the proper position, relative to the light, necessary to produce the right effect.

Properties may, when possible, be real, though in every case pasteboard simulacra will, if carefully kept in profile, answer just as well and even cast a better shadow. But few are needed in the performance of these pantomimes, and such as are necessary are fully described in the several appendices, or represented in the pictures. Pasteboard may also be used in "making up" the characters; odd fancies in hats and in false noses, for example, may be realized in this manner with but little trouble, since the performer's *profile* only is concerned with producing the shadows. The flow of blood is usually imitated by sawdust, which is let fall from the actor's hand as he instinctively places it upon the wound. Similarly, tears may be counterfeited by marbles, which, dropping to the stage with a sharp rattle, will accentuate the performer's grief in a very remarkable and ludicrous manner. The pouring of liquids is best shown in shadow by the use of fine, *dry* sand. All furniture used in the pantomimes should be as narrow, reckoning from the screen backwards, as possible. This, because the upward inclination of the light's rays tends to distort the shadows of all objects whose perspective in relation to the light is considerable; casting, for example, the shadow of the back edge of a table at a point several inches higher than the real position of the top, and partially concealing whatever may be upon it. Hence, everything placed upon a table, in the performance, should be set as near to its *rear* edge as possible.

The only point in which these compositions resemble the works of the late William Shakespeare is in the use of labels to indicate, in default of any better means, changes in place and time where such changes occur; thus following the usage observed in the earlier representations of that gentleman's plays. These labels are to be cut out on cards of uniform size and shape, and hung against the inside of the top of the screen in whatever position is found most convenient for changing them when occasion requires. The various legends appropriate to them will be found in the several appendices.

It should be borne in mind that the actual performers in this style of entertainment are as nothing — their shadows everything; that what is trivial to the actual beholder of the *man* may yet be, to those who see only the *shadow*, ludicrous and wonderful in the extreme. Thus, a blow which really passes harmlessly *behind* a performer's head will strike his shadow full in the face, and a sword thrust under the man's left arm will be worth two death-blows to his shadow. So, too, with regard to costumes. Their material is a matter of little consequence, since it is with their shadows, not themselves, that their effect is concerned. Their style and cut are indicated for each piece, in a general way, by the illustrations, but may be varied and altered to any extent to suit the taste of the individual actor; he is asked, however, in making changes, to confine himself within the limits of appropriateness.

By way of conclusion are appended the following bits of advice which constitute the ten commandments of the Shadow Pantomimist.

1. Rehearse carefully and repeatedly not only the general action of the piece with and without the accompanying reading, but all the minor mechanical details; for any bungling during the performance may not only destroy the effect of that particular attempt but seriously mar the illusion of the whole affair.

2. Carefully think out every bit of "business" at rehearsal; leave nothing to chance on the evening of the performance; let there be no possibility of failure in any of the arrangements; for it will be better to attempt little and do it well, than to be ambitious and make a botch of it.

3. Remember that the actor is nothing — his shadow everything; and act for the best interests of your shadow — not yourself. In order to do so you may often feel obliged to make an ass of yourself. Do not mind that so long as nobody sees you, and your shadow is all right.

4. Remember that only at *rehearsal* is it allowable for the actor to *look at* his shadow. During the performance the face must be kept constantly in profile. On this account study carefully beforehand the shadow effect of the various attitudes and grimaces you propose introducing, in order to become independent of such forbidden peeps.

5. Be careful to keep your shadow distinct from those of the other performers. Never allow it to touch another unnecessarily; and, in case such contact is ordered by the text, carefully arrange and rehearse an effective attitude in which neither figure shall be blurred or confused more than is absolutely necessary.

6. If your "business" compels you to pass by or behind another actor, or to turn around and reverse your profile, do so as quickly as possible.

7. Do all your acting as nearly as convenient at the same distance from the screen, in order to keep your shadow always of the same size.

8. Stand always as near to the screen as possible, but never rub against, nor touch it.

9. Keep your eyes open and your wits alive at rehearsals, and you will learn far more about Shadow Pantomimes from experience than you can get from any book — even this.

10. Above all, remember that the success of the whole affair rests on your shoulders; and as, in case you make a "hit," you will probably appropriate all the credit, so, in the event of failure, you are to take all the blame, and not try to throw it on

THE AUTHOR.

DRINK.

DRINK:

A SHADOW PANTOMIME.

My tale is meant in warning, yet to waken laughter hearty;
'Tis about one Harry Stottle, an intemperate young party;
You shall see his first temptation, how from bad to worse he got on,
Appropriately done in *black* on yonder sheet of cotton.

Observe his peaceful cottage, on the wall his cat a-blinking —
This was taken, mind you, just before our hero took to drinking;
The growing tree and glaring sun show plainly that 'tis summer,
And see, the villain of the piece — a wicked Boston Drummer.

The knave has sold a bill of wines at an enormous profit,
And, after much demur, consents to take a discount off it;
The landlord thanks him kindly — that's the chap to whom he's talking;
The sun obscures his face with clouds at villainy so shocking.

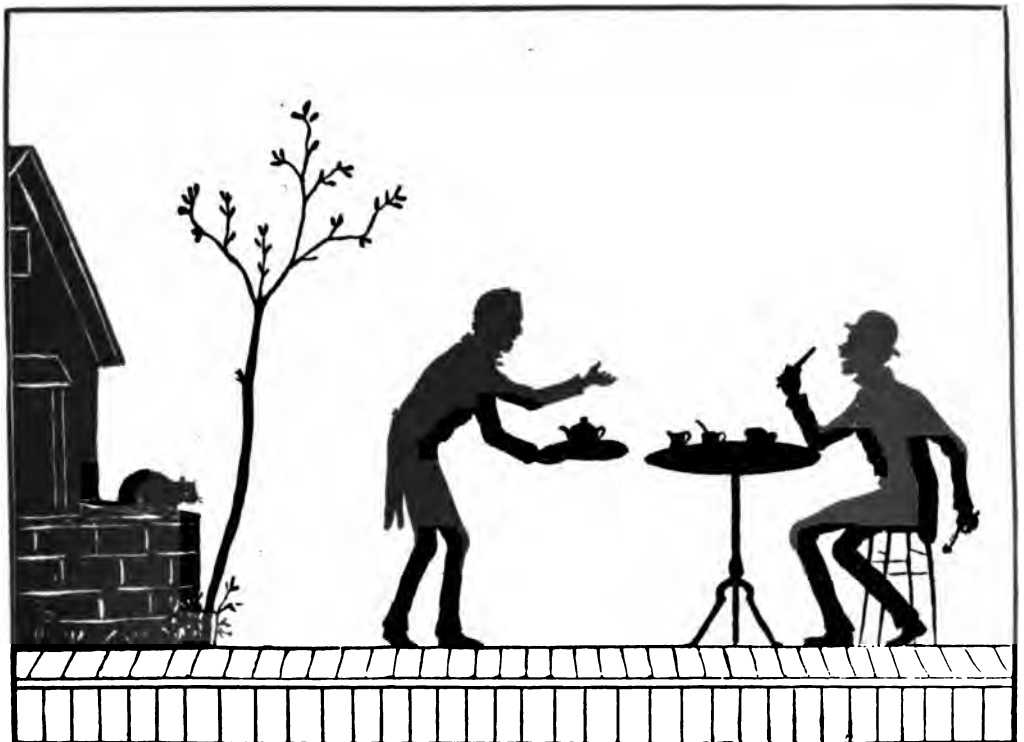


Drink 1.

"The growing tree and glaring sun show plainly that 'tis summer,
And see, the villain of the piece — a wicked Boston Drummer."

Now Stottle enters with a skip indicative of vigor,
As straight and strong as you or I — a very handsome figger.
He greets the Drummer kindly, and with natural good-breeding,
He offers all his cot affords for sleeping and for feeding.

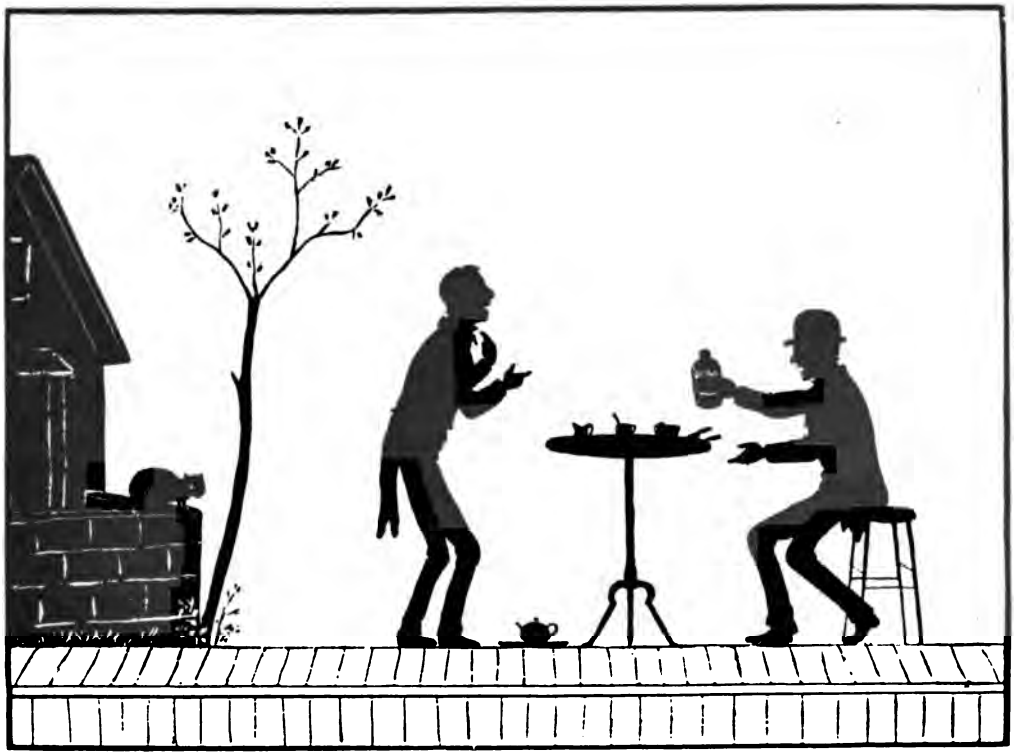
The knave accepts,—he always saves a dollar when he's able,—
So Stottle brings his luncheon out, and spreads it on the table;
There are chickens and polonies and of marmalade a pottle,
But the Drummer's disappointed, for he doesn't see a bottle.



Drink 2.

"The knave accepts, — he always saves a dollar when he's able, —
So Stottle brings his luncheon out, and spreads it on the table:"

In vain he tries to masticate a couple of polonies,
His salivary glands are parched and dry as any bone is;
So from his side coat-pocket, where he always has it handy,
He takes his patent pocket-flask of cool, refreshing brandy.



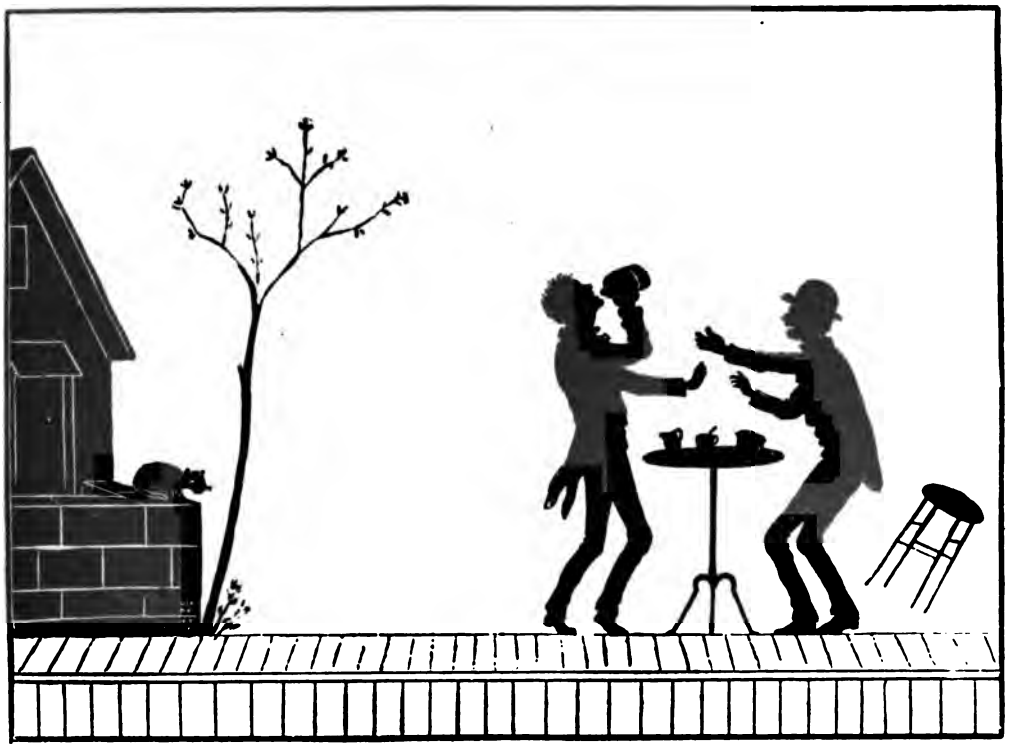
Drink 3.

"So from his side coat-pocket, where he always has it handy,
He takes his patent pocket-flask of cool, refreshing brandy."

In eager haste he draws the cork and drinks from out the bottle,
And then, with great civility, he passes it to Stottle.
The drink is new to Stottle, — never man was so benighted, —
He takes a pull, however, and appears to be delighted.

He takes another and a third. The Drummer's almost frantic;
But Stottle jumps and skips about with disposition antic.
He drinks again. The Drummer chap tries vainly to restrain him;
But Stottle hits him on the head a blow which might have slain him.

Of health and character alike, of self-respect unthinking,
He clasps the bottle to his heart and gives himself to drinking.
The Drummer begs him to desist, makes vain attempts to grab it —
Alas! what *was* a "social glass" has now become a habit.



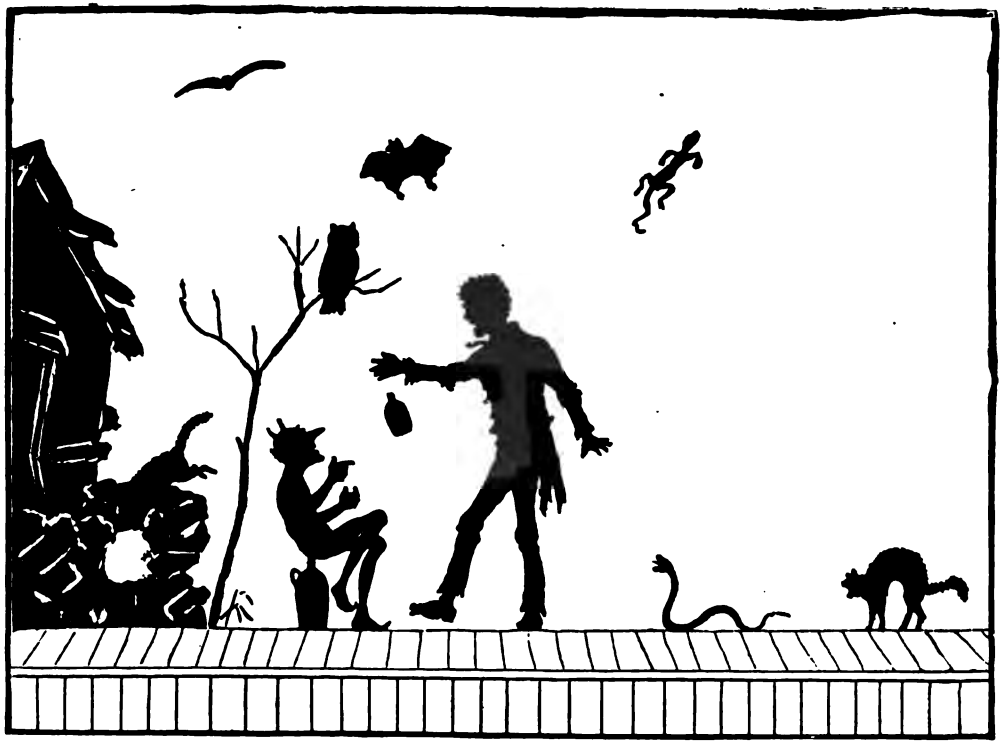
Drink 4.

"The drink is new to Stottle — never man was so benighted —
He takes a pull, however, and appears to be delighted."

His character is first to go — you see his wild abandon;
His nerves go next — observe how shakes the flask he has his hand on;
And then his friends, the Drummer last, more faithful he than some are,
But Stottle now has got too low for e'en a Boston Drummer.

His cottage, his once happy home, is falling into ruins;
His faithful cat departs at last, with sad, unheeded mewings.
Strange fancies haunt his thoughts, delusions horrible usurp sense;
He thinks he sees processions of black dogs and rats and serpents.

The atmosphere is full of snakes, of lizards, and of bogies;
It's not surprising, after all, how terrified the rogue is.
He wants a drink to calm his nerves, but, grinning in derision,
Upon the flask a bogy sits, a horrid, nasty vision.

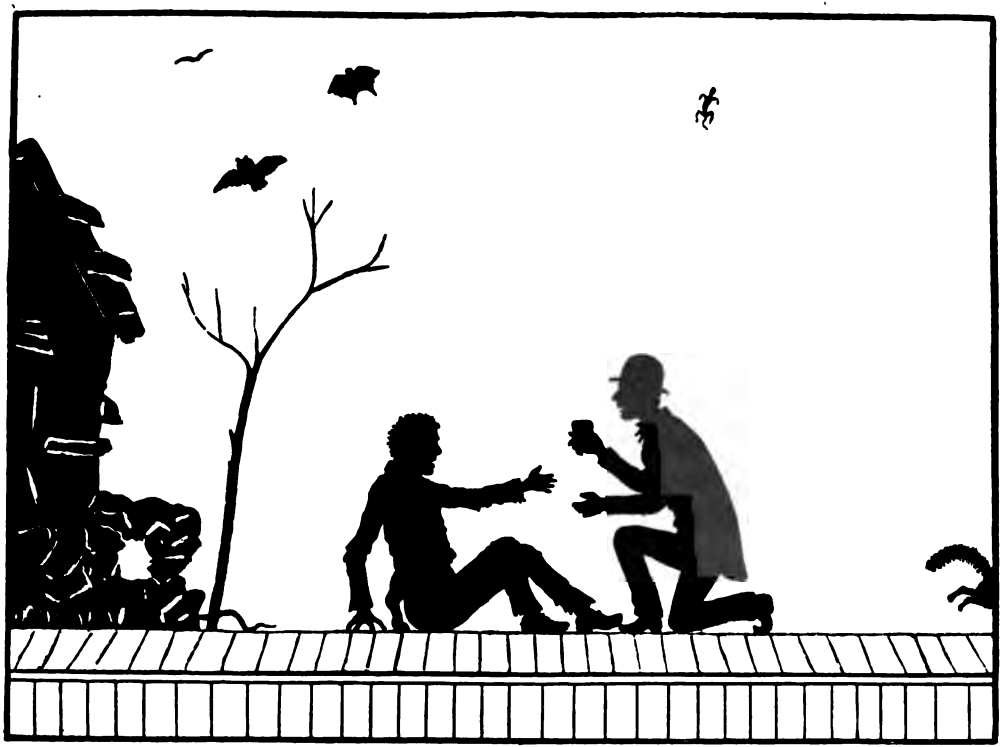


Drink 5.

"The atmosphere is full of snakes, of lizards and of bogies;
It's not surprising, after all, how terrified the rogue is."

He falls exhausted, almost dead, his pulse but ten a minute,
When back the Boston Drummer brings a glass with something in it.
He places it 'neath Stottle's nose and lets him smell the vapor—
It is not the cure for drunkenness you read of in the paper.

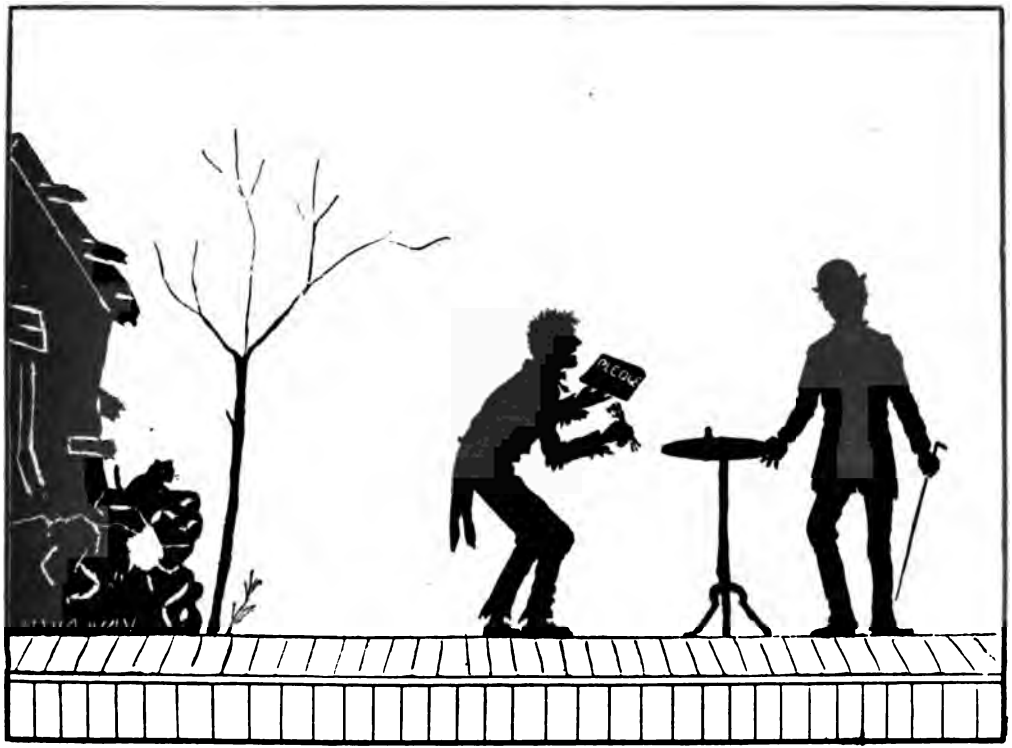
'Tis Apollinaris Water, with a dash of simple syrup;
The Drummer pours it down his throat, and kindly bids him "cheer up."
When, presto! Stottle rises, wholly freed from visions horrid,
But feeling an unpleasant heat and throbbing in his forehead.



Drink 6.

"He falls exhausted, almost dead, his pulse but ten a minute,
When back the Boston Drummer brings a glass with something in it."

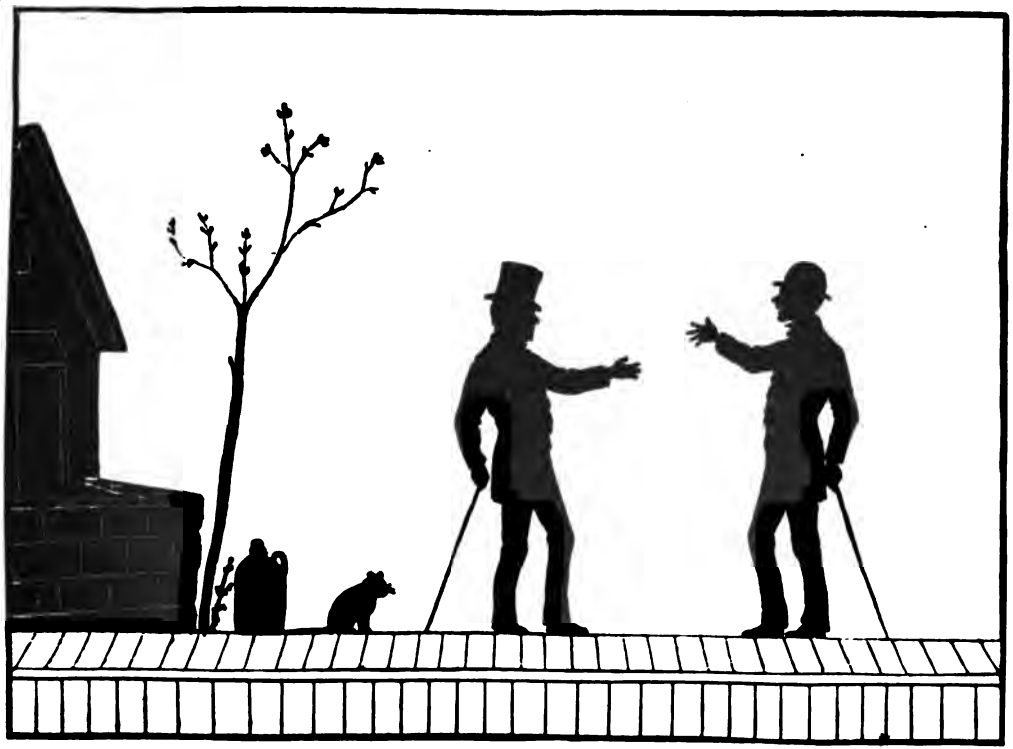
The Drummer now pulls out the pledge, poor Stottle gladly signing.
And then, a stroke of finance with philanthropy combining,
He gets from Stottle, in a way that strictly hardly fair is,
An order for a dozen flasks of real Apollinaris.



Drink 7.

"The Drummer now pulls out the pledge, poor Stottle gladly signing."

Now Stottle's character and health and nerves return like winking,
His house, too, gets in good repair as soon as he stops drinking.
His cat returns, his money too, as 'twere the work of fairies,
And Stottle is himself again. He drinks Apollinaris.



Drink 8.

" His cat returns, his money too, as 'twere the work of fairies,
And Stottle is himself again. He drinks Apollinaris."

Appendix to Drink.

Of the general conduct of this pantomime, so far as the performers are concerned, nothing need be said, since the text, studied in the way directed in the preface, will itself furnish ample instructions; but of its purely mechanical arrangements and effects some explanation is necessary.

The scenery (see preface) should be constructed on the model furnished by the illustrations, and should be contrived to follow literally the requirements of the story. Thus, the cat on the wall may be made to wink its eyes, arch its back, and elevate its tail at the proper cue; the tree may be given the appearance of growth by simply moving it slowly toward the light; the pasteboard sun may be obscured by a pasteboard cloud drawn on at the proper time; and Stottle's cottage may be contrived to go to ruin upon his acquirement of dissipated habits, and to be miraculously restored upon his emancipation from them. All this requires a little ingenuity and pains, but not enough to overtax the powers of the average "handy" man, nor more than will be compensated for by the greatly increased effect of the representation.

The ruin of the house may be brought about as follows: Portions of the window-frame, the walls, the roof, and so on, may be simply hinged on to the scene at their lower ends, and cover, when in place, irregular openings — the presumed results of decay. If the equilibrium of these hinged pieces be made to depend upon cords fastened to their upper ends, and passing over the top of the scene to the hands of an intelligent operator, the demolition of the building will gradually take place by the release of the cords, one after another, and its miraculous restoration, consequent upon Stottle's signing of the "pledge," by a simple reversal of the process. In the same way, the mechanical cat may be hinged to the wall, and disappear and return according to the demands of the reader.

The adjuncts of Stottle's "horrors" may be as numerous or as few as desired, but they

should accord in character with the text. They may be cut out of pasteboard, and lowered from the top of the screen, when needed, by means of strings. A solar microscope, or some adaptation of the magic lantern to microscopic uses, may also be employed with great effect in the production of these creatures of Stottle's imagination. The "bogy" is best personated by a small boy. The other properties may be made to suit the taste of the performers. The discount may be *literally* "taken off" the bill by tearing away a portion on which the legend "one per cent. discount" is cut out. The flask should have its label — BRANDY — cut plainly upon its side, as also should the restorative glass of APOLLINARIS. Upon the "pledge" may be put any names of local celebrities whose autographs upon such a document would be notoriously out of place.

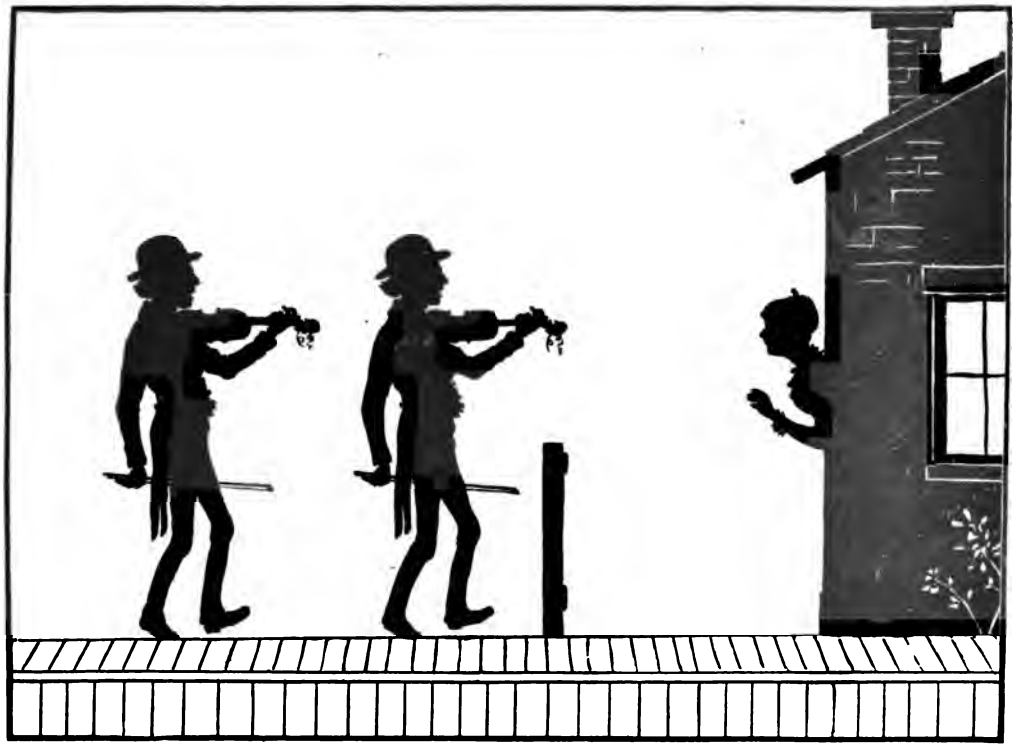
With these remarks the pantomime is handed over to the tender mercies of the supposed performers. If any of them discover in it any "points" or humorous possibilities which have escaped the author, let them by all means utilize them; for their innovations, so far from being viewed with a jealous eye, will even be regarded as legitimate collaboration in the thankless work of amusing the public. Besides, in all probability, he will never hear of them.

DRIGGS AND HIS DOUBLE:

A SHADOW PANTOMIME.

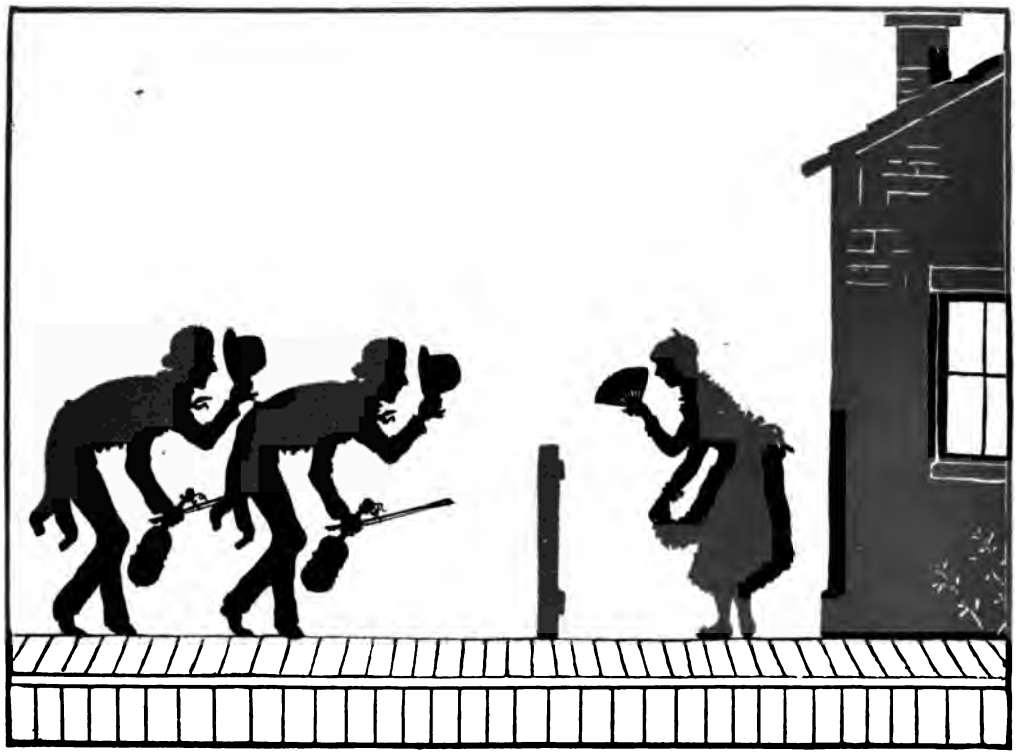
Driggs dearly loved Jane Applecart;
His feelings were reciprocated;
But an untoward circumstance
Prevented them from being mated.
A sort of paradox, his trouble —
Poor Driggs, though *single*, had a Double.

The scene is Applecart's front yard;
The garden fence is in the middle;
Inside is Jane; Driggs played outside
Duets with Double on the fiddle.
So like are they that Driggs' mother
Can scarcely tell the one from t'other.



Dr. and D. 1. "Inside is Jane; Driggs plays outside
Duets with Double on the fiddle."

Jane makes a curtsy, Driggs a bow
Expressing love and adoration.
Jane blushes, and casts down her eyes;
And Driggs is lost in admiration.
His Double's lost likewise; in fact,
He copies Driggs in every act.



2 "Jane makes a curtsey, Driggs a bow
Expressing love and adoration."

"Love me," says Driggs. "I do," says she,
Without the least intent to flatter.
"Then marry me," says Driggs. Says she:
"Ah, *that* is quite another matter."
Driggs nearly faints at this relation;
His Double, too, in imitation.

"You love me not," says Driggs. "Oh, yes,"
Says she, "you do not rightly view it.
I love you madly, but to wed —
I do not see how I could do it.
Excuse me, but you're one too many
To marry me," says pretty Jenny.



3 "Driggs nearly faints at this relation;
His Double too, in imitation."

"You mean because of this here chap?"
Says Driggs to her. "If that's the rub, I'll
Get rid of him in half a shake;"
With that he tries to catch his Double.
Here, there, now up, now down they flit,
Driggs can't succeed in catching it.

"You're only losing time," says Jane.
"Just listen to my explanation:
If I consent to marry you
I'm liable to transportation;
For that's how bigamy is done—
By marrying more men than one.

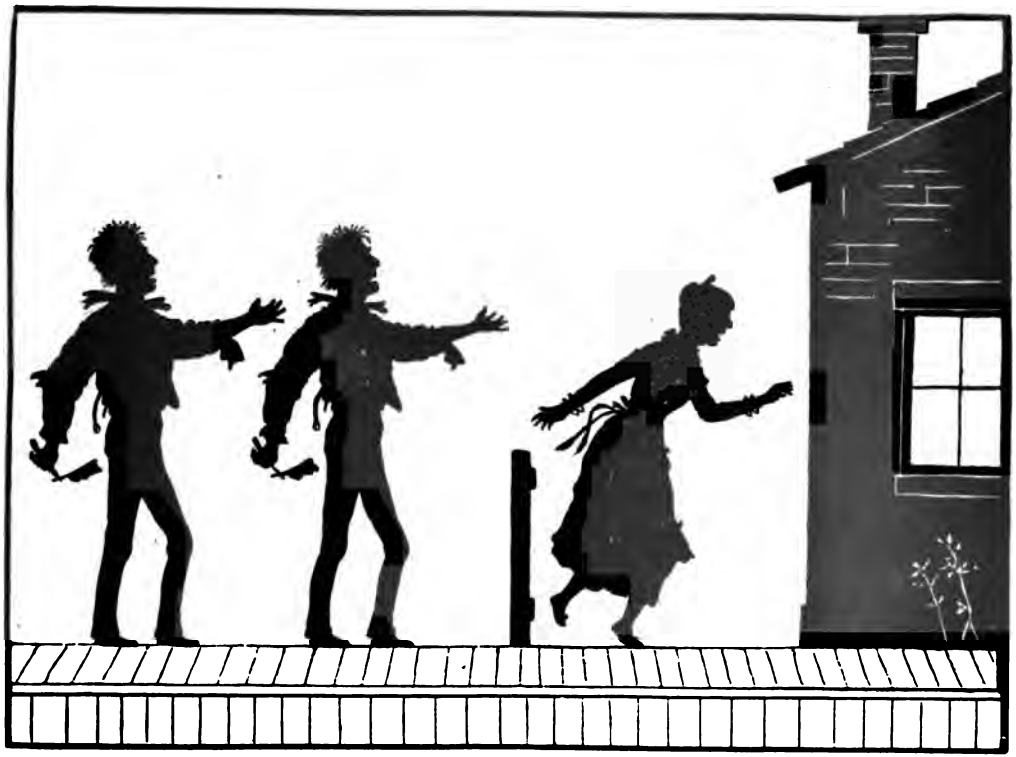
"Besides," says Jane, "I can't decide—
So difficult it is to rank you—
Which of you two I like the best;
And so, I'll marry neither, thank you."
"My love," cries Driggs, "is changed to loathing;"
Then he and Double rend their clothing.



4 "With that he tries to catch his Double."

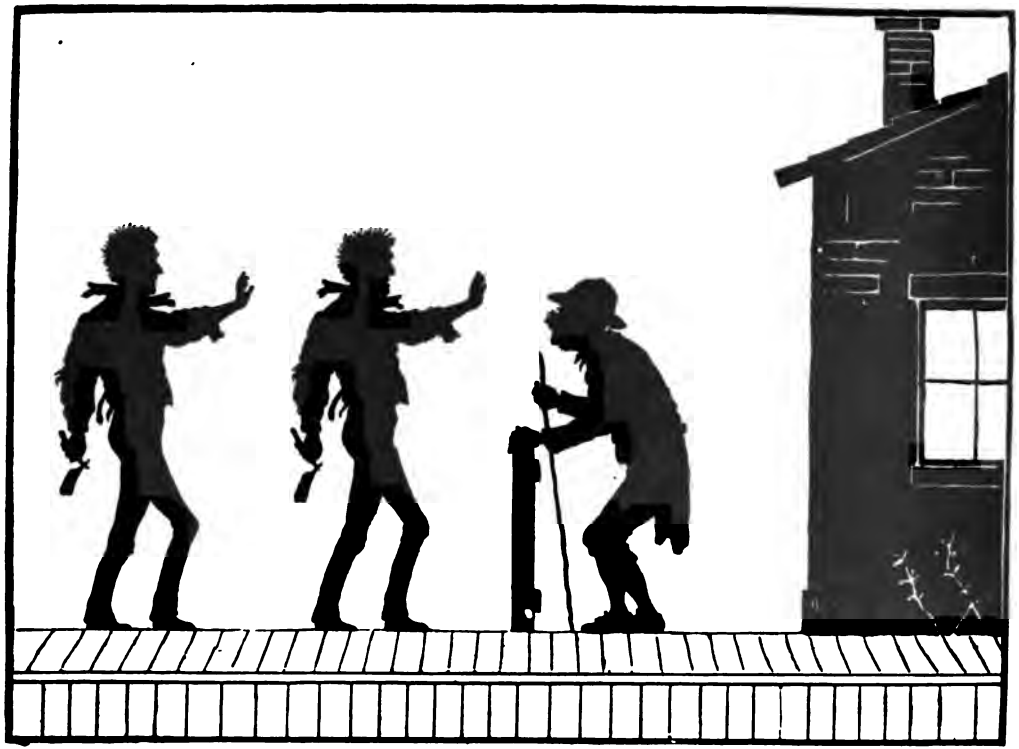
Jane begs him not to tear his clothes, —
Her countenance a little paler, —
Reminding him how much he owes
His patient and long-trusting tailor.
She utters, too, insinuations
Which even try his Double's patience.

She speaks of other gentlemen,
And doesn't seem to really hate 'em.
"If you're not mine you shan't be theirs,"
Says Driggs, "and that's my *ultimatum*."
On that he draws his razor trusty,
Expensive, though a little rusty.



5 "On that he draws his razor trusty,—
Expensive, though a little rusty."

Jane flies in terror at the sight;
But Driggs, with murderous thoughts pursuing,
Is checked by old man Applecart,
Who asks him what the deuce he's doing,
And draws a pistol on him straightway.
Driggs stops in terror at the gateway.



6 "But Driggs, with murd'rous thoughts pursuing,
Is checked by old man Applecart."

Says Applecart: "I cannot say
Enough to you in reprobation."
And then he puts in Driggs' head
A ball, by way of punctuation.
Poor Driggs collapses like a bubble;
And, faithful to the end, his Double.

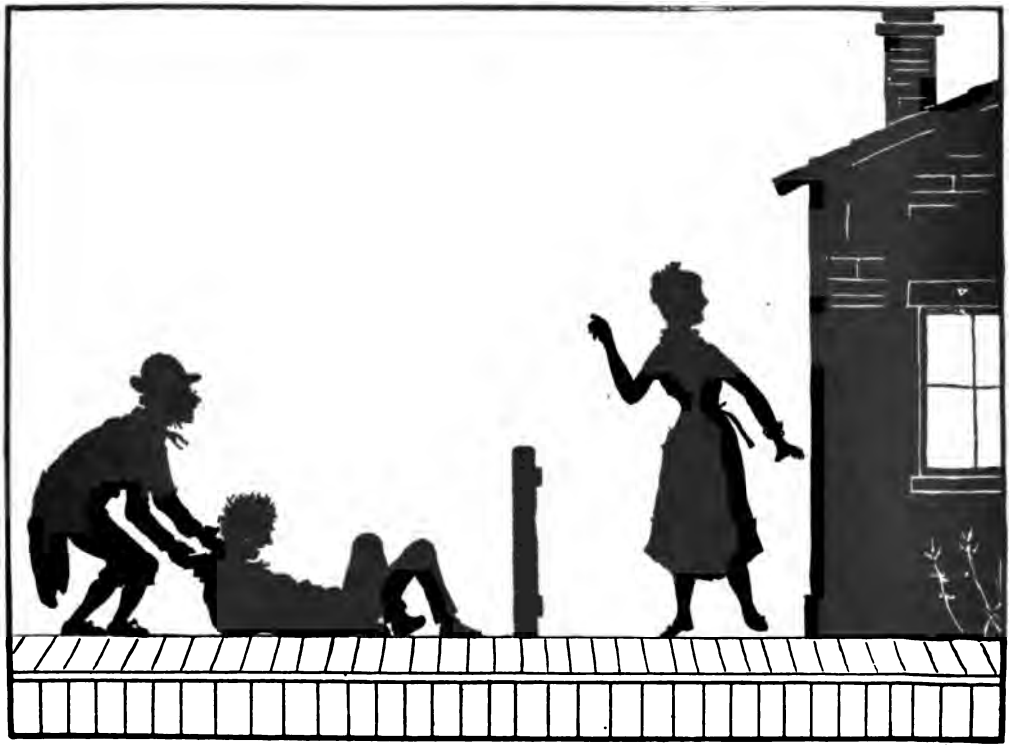


7 "And then he puts in Driggs' head
A ball, by way of punctuation."

Jane rushes out at the report
To help her Pa pick up the bodies;
But, lo! one corpse alone appears,
A circumstance that very odd is.
They search the house, before, behind it,
For Double's corpse, but cannot find it.

Says Applecart: "Though here's but one,
I'll take my Bible oath I shot two.
I plainly saw the other fall,
But where the devil has he got to?"
And, stunned by mystery so utter,
He bears out Driggs upon a shutter.

In explanation of these facts
Opinion has been much divided.
Some men endorse *my* theory,
While others are still undecided.
I think that *drink* made all the trouble—
That alcohol made Jane see Double.



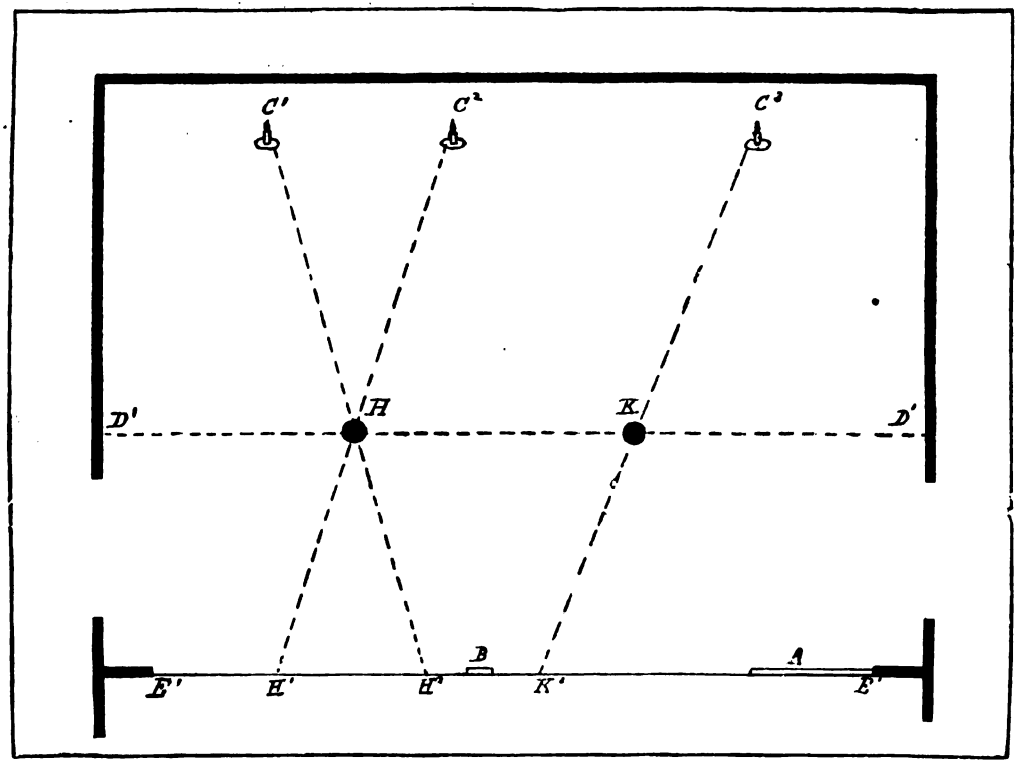
8 "Jane rushes out at the report
To help her Pa pick up the bodies;"

Appendix to Driggs and his Double.

The action and scenic embellishments of this pantomime are amply explained by the text and illustrations, and need no comment; but of the peculiar arrangement of the lights necessary for the production of the duplicate shadows of Driggs and Double, a word or two must be said.

Three lights are required to produce the desired effect, and are to be arranged as in the accompanying diagram. In this, EE^1 represents the screen upon which the shadows are thrown, A the piece of scenery representing Applecart's house, and B the post which indicates the line of his garden fence. C^1, C^2 and C^3 represent the positions of the lights, and DD^1 the line upon which the performers must stand, and to which they must confine all their action. Supposing, then, H to represent the performer who is to enact Driggs, and K to mark the position of the personator of Miss A. or her father, the shadows will fall as follows: At H^1 and H^2 will appear *two* shadows (Driggs and Double) of the actor at H, and at K^1 a *single* shadow of the performer at K, as represented in the diagram by the dotted lines. All other and unnecessary shadows, such as those of K cast by the lights C^1 and C^2, or the shadow of H cast by the light C^3, will, if the line DD^1 is properly chosen, be projected outside the field of the screen, and will consequently be invisible to the audience. By drawing lines through the points indicated on the diagram this will be at once apparent.

If, in addition to keeping constantly on the line DD^1 during the performance, the actors be careful never to allow their shadows to pass the point B, the fence post, — Driggs confining all his shadow antics to the field EB, and the other actors contenting themselves with the limits of E^1 B, — no trouble can possibly arise from the appearance of extraneous and undesired shadows. The *exact* positions of the lights best calculated to produce the desired effect depends, of course, upon the dimensions


C'
C²
C³
D'
H
K
D'
B
A
E'
H'
H'
K'
E'

and arrangement of the screen and stage, and must be determined in every case by experiment; as also must be located the line DD^1.

With these instructions the pantomime may be carried on successfully up to the point where Applecart discharges the pistol. At the words: "A ball, by way of punctuation," the report is heard; and, simultaneously, the lights C^1 and C^3 are to be put out, leaving C^2 alone to illuminate the rest of the piece. Of course the shadows of both Double and Applecart instantly disappear, as Driggs falls to the ground; but Applecart immediately returns, with "business" of having been "kicked" off by his pistol, and, being no longer limited in position by the exigences of the triple light, finishes the piece, with his daughter, as in the ordinary pantomime.

As the success of this piece depends mainly upon the amusing fidelity with which the Double imitates all of Driggs' action, it is urged upon Driggs to make his antics as humorous as possible. As the reading is not necessarily continuous, but may, by pre-arrangement with the reader, be suspended at any time for a longer or shorter period, as desired, there is practically no limit to the amount of comic "business" that a clever "Driggs" may introduce; and for the sake of the pantomime, which rests mainly on Driggs' shoulders, the author devoutly hopes that none but clever performers will ever attempt it.

ORPHEUS THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

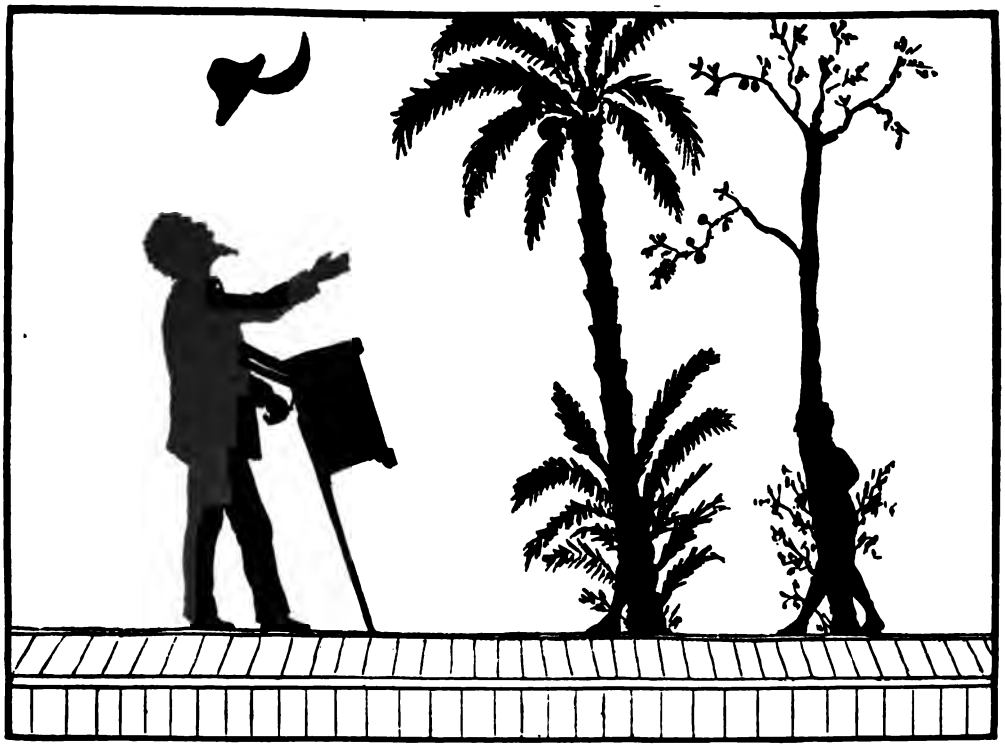
A MUSICAL SHADOW PANTOMIME.

ORPHEUS THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

A MUSICAL SHADOW PANTOMIME.

(*Music plays some time-honored hand-organ air.*)

Of Orpheus now I troll
A melancholy lay.
He was a clever soul —
At least, so people say.
Observe him, please, a-grinding out a tune,
Soliciting reward with eager hand,
Though why he hangs his hat upon the moon
Is something that I do not understand.



Orpheus 1 "Observe him, please, a-grinding out a tune,
Soliciting reward with eager hand;"

(*Music continues to play the same air.*)

He earned his daily bread
By organ-grinding arts;
His skill, I've heard it said,
Could touch the hardest hearts.
The peach-tree, in his hand, drops peaches red;
In joy, the palm a cocoanut lets fall,
But why on earth it drops it on his head
Is something that I can't make out at all.

(*Music changes to some lively dance-tune.*)

His organ's dulcet tones
Made trees, against their wills,
Unite with sluggish stones
In waltzes and quadrilles.
Observe the peach-tree's very graceful *boughs;*
The palm-tree, having none, can only bend;
But what the climate is that thus allows
Such different trees, I cannot comprehend.

(*Music changes again to some very plaintive air.*)

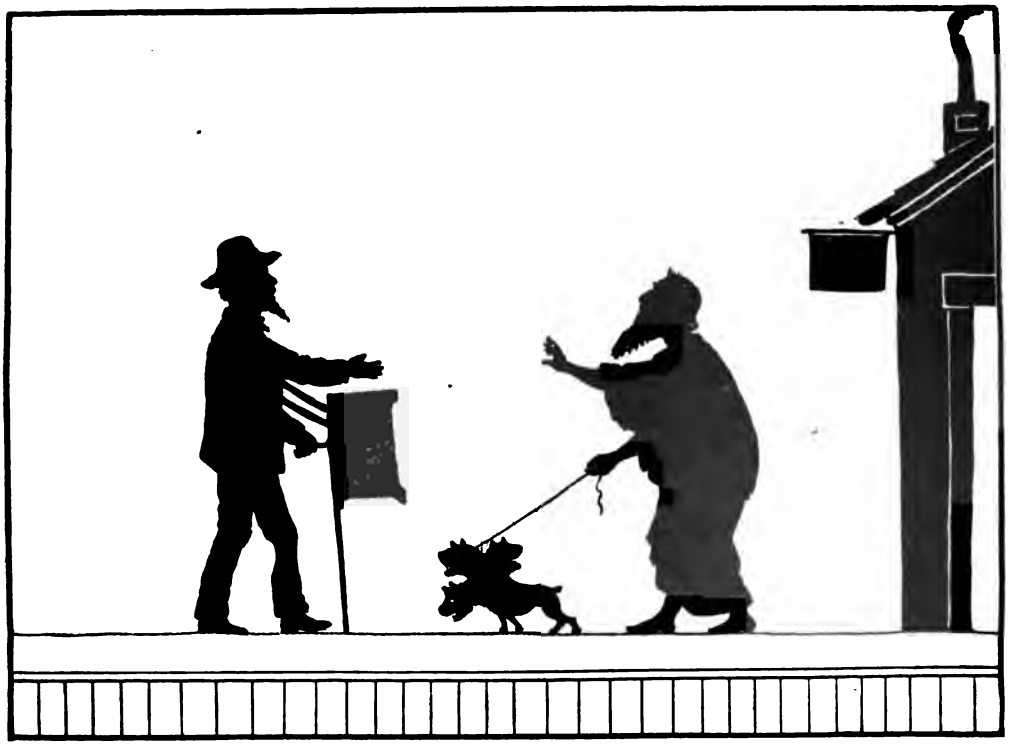
A happy man, you say?
Well, yes, until his wife,
Eurydice, one day
Departed from this life.
Now Orpheus plays a very plaintive strain—
He's thinking of his wife, Eurydice;
And both the trees let fall their tears like rain,
Though why the deuce they do it puzzles me.

(*Music continues the plaintive air down to,—"The idea;" from this point it plays a "hurry," ending, at "Presto," with a strong chord.*)

It cut him to the quick
To lose his wife, and so
He went to the Old Nick,
But not as most men go.
The idea comes upon him like a flash;
He plays an air expressing mystery.
Presto! The scene's supposed to change to ——,
Though things don't look much different to me.

(Music plays "Little Buttercup," at first very softly, but at the "cue" — "cunning one" — loudly and triumphantly.)

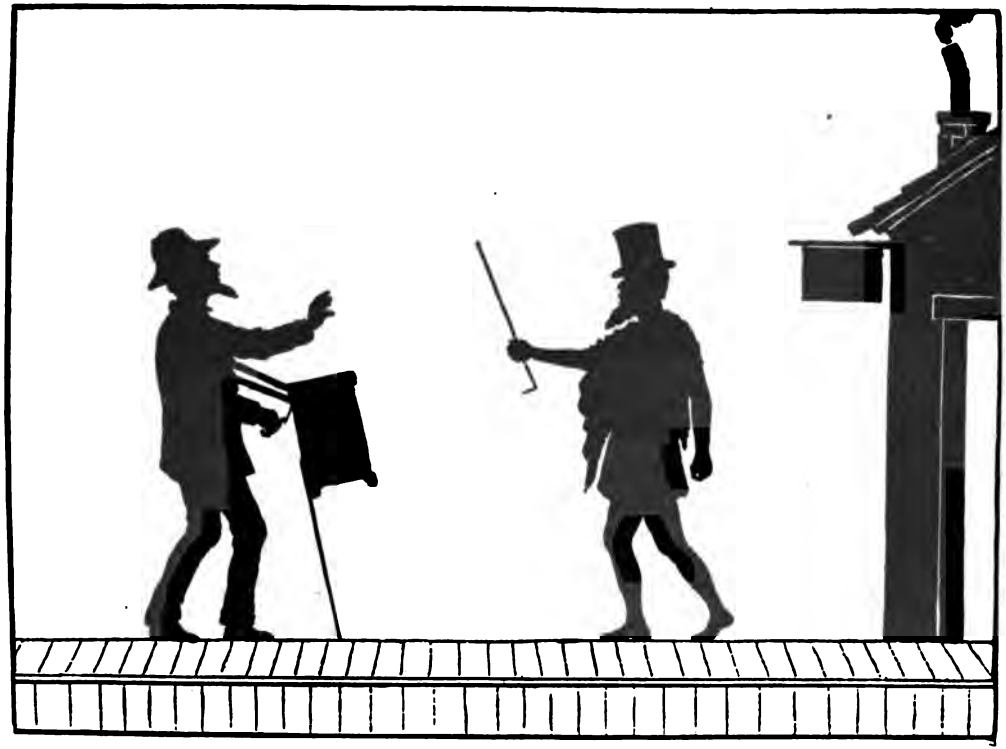
At Hades' frowning door
Admittance was denied;
He played some "Pinafore," —
The gates were opened wide.
Old Charon, with his triple-headed pup,
Refuses to admit the cunning one,
But flees on hearing "Little Buttercup,"
As I myself should certainly have done.



2 "Old Charon, with his triple-headed pup,
Refuses to admit the cunning one."

(*Music resumes the fossil hand-organ air with which the piece began.*)

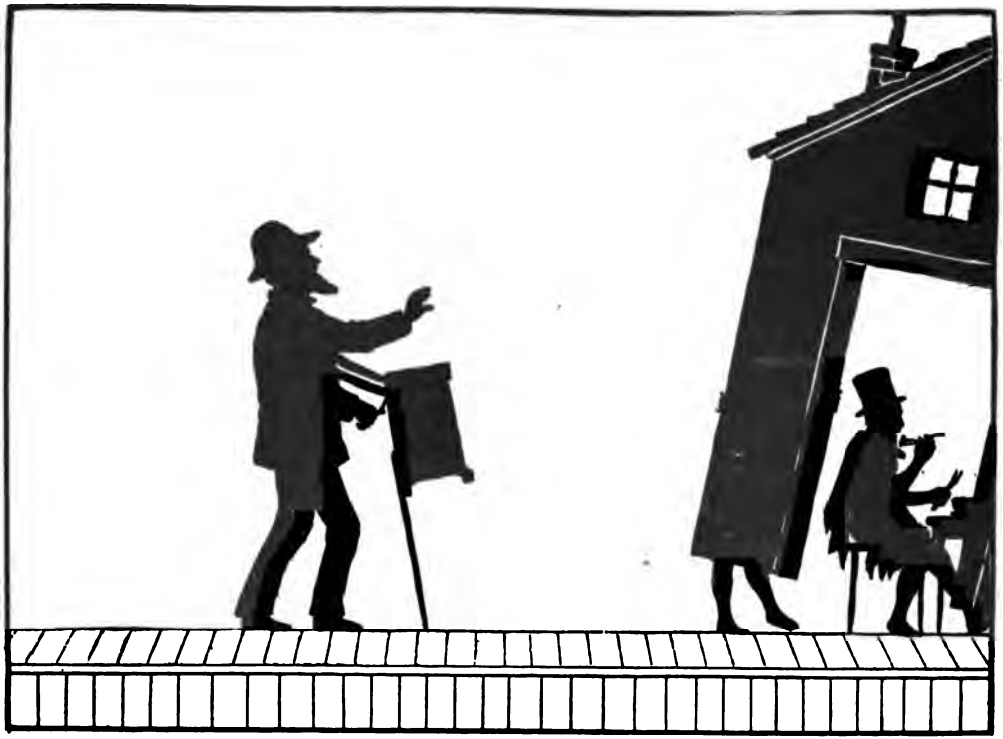
King Pluto, at his call,
Irascibly came out.
Said he: "Now what is all
This beastly row about?"
King Pluto is the ancient party that
Is threatening poor Orpheus with a cane;
But why the deuce he wears a stove-pipe hat
I'm not prepared at present to explain.



3 "King Pluto is the ancient party that
Is threatening poor Orpheus with a cane;"

(*Music plays a polka; very softly to,* — "*key of G,*" *then loudly.*)

"You have my wife, I think,
Within your castle grim."
King Pluto gave a wink.
"I have," said he to him.
You see he slams the door in Orpheus' face,
Who simply plays a polka, — key of *G*, —
When dances off King Pluto's dwelling-place
In way incomprehensible to me.



4 "When dances off King Pluto's dwelling-place
In way incomprehensible to me."

(*Music plays "Baby Mine," softly, to — "grinds for very joy," then more loudly.*)

"Now give her up, oh, king!"
But Pluto said: "I can't.
You ask, my boy, a thing
I really cannot grant."
Eurydice runs quickly to her lord,
Who folds her to his heart in close embrace,
And grinds, for very joy, a simple chord;
As I'd have done myself in Orpheus' place.



5 "Eurydice runs quickly to her lord,
Who folds her to his heart in close embrace,"

(*Music plays* "*Baby Mine*" *to*, — "*she is thine*," *then stops.*)

The organ's strident tones
Played loudly, "Baby Mine."
"Stop, stop!" the monarch groans.
"Go, take her, she is thine."
Poor Pluto flies in haste the hated sound.
The re-united pair together go
Back to their happy home above the ground;
But where that home may be I do not know.



6 "The re-united pair together go
Back to their happy home above the ground."

Appendix to Orpheus the Organ-Grinder.

The musical accompaniment of this pantomime is intended to be supplied by a piano or cabinet-organ; Orpheus' hand-organ, constructed of a soap-box and a clothes-wringer, being naturally incapable of any sound whatsoever. It is designed to serve as running accompaniment to the reading, and should be very *piano* indeed, except in those portions where loudness is especially called for; even then it should be only loud enough to make plausible, by a distinct appeal to the ears of the spectators, its alleged effect upon the action of the piece, and by no means be so emphatic as to drown the reader's voice. As it is intended, as well, to reflect the sentiments expressed, the airs which are used should be selected — where selection is optional — with due regard to their appropriateness.

The text will amply suggest the appropriate scenery, costumes, and action; still, a few hints may not be out of place. The animated trees, which dance, weep, and contribute their charitable mite under the potent influence of Orpheus' music, are merely boys, costumed in any fanciful way which may occur to the getters-up of the pantomime, but suggesting as strongly as may be their alleged species. They should be provided with (stuffed) fruit and (saw-dust) tears, and encouraged to "work up" the "business" of their dance in the most humorous way that lies in their power. By what sort of action the birth of an idea may be best represented is left to the personator of Orpheus to decide, but it is imperative that he remove, at the word "Presto," his hat from the (pasteboard) moon upon which he has previously hung it; for at that "cue" the scene changes — moon and trees both disappearing, and giving place to a profile-house, which is pushed on from the side as in the illustration. This house may bear the legend: H. Clay Pluto. "All hope abandon ye who enter here," and is to take on the functions of animated and ambulatory life, at the proper

"cue," by the same means employed in the case of the trees — a small boy who picks it up and dances it from over Pluto's head.

If the performers of this pantomime do not happen to have a three-headed dog in the house, and cannot borrow one, let them not go to the expense of purchasing such a *lusus naturæ* merely to meet the demands of the piece, since a pasteboard canine will do, on a pinch. In case it is feared that the spectators may not grasp the fact of the change of scene, a label reading, "Earth," might be employed in the earlier portions of the piece, and replaced, at the proper time, by another bearing the suggestive legend: "——." The final exit of Orpheus should be effected by stepping *sideways* over the light; he to go first, and Eurydice to follow. This proceeding will have the shadow effect of an ascent into the ceiling, and, if done with due care not to upset the light, will make a very amusing and appropriate ending to the piece. If desired, he may also leave the stage just before the change of scene, and return by a reversal of the process described above; thus indicating forcibly the lowness of the locality in which the scene lies, and giving ocular proof of the assertion: "facilis descensus Averni."

In this as in the other pantomimes the author humbly requests the collaboration of its possible performers in the invention of comic "business;" for without copious "padding" of this description the representation must inevitably be very flat.

ANONYMOUS:

A NAMELESS NARRATIVE.

Illustrated in Shadow Pantomime.

STROPHE.

I SING about a maiden fair
With eyes of brightest blue,
With dimpled cheeks and golden hair,
Whose name I never knew.
It sounds absurd,
But, 'pon my word,
Her name I never knew.

ANTISTROPHE.

I celebrate a lover bold —
In fact, the maiden's beau —
Who was — I never knew how old,
Because he varied so.
His age would change
In manner strange
With every year or so.

STROPHE.

One winter's eve the maiden sat
Within a rocking chair,
In her paternal mansion at ——
I don't remember where;
Her shadow lined
Upon the blind
Just as you see it there.

ANTISTROPHE.

When, through the snow, the lover came,
 Replete with manly grace, —
It's odd I can't recall his name
 Nor when this scene took place, —
 To give the maid
 A serenade;
 His voice, I think, was bass.

STROPHE.

The maiden sat, quite ignorant
 That her true love was nigh,
And deeply sighed; although I can't
 Explain precisely why.
 Imagine, please,
 Such things as these;
 It's hard to act a sigh.

ANTISTROPHE.

The lover wore a seal-skin suit
And Arctic over-shoon.
He played upon his tuneful flute
Some chords, and, very soon,
Began to sing
The following: —
(I do not know the tune) —

BALLAD.

The Night-owl hoots on the ruined lamp-post,
The Tom-cat sings in the tree,
Sweet songs of love to their absent mates;
And I, love, sing to thee.

What though the Night-owl's voice be hoarse,
And the Cat's a trifle flat!
Their love is as true as any one's is —
As mine, for the matter of that.



Anon 1 "He played upon his tuneful flute
Some chords."

STROPHE.

Alas! the lover sang in vain;
The maid made no reply.
She did not seem to hear her swain —
No more, I own, did I.
See, see, she nods,
She sleeps. Ye gods!
Was that a snore or sigh?

ANTISTROPHE.

But some one heard the lover's wail, —
Though who I do not know, —
For boots came hurtling down like hail,
And bottles fell like snow.
Then came a shout,
"Scat, scat, get out!"
And did he go? Oh, no;



2 **" For boots came hurtling down like hail,
And bottles fell like snow."**

STROPHE.

For suddenly there came in view
Upon the window-shade,
A second shadow — don't know who —
Behind the sleeping maid.
He, with a kiss,
Awoke the miss
Who, rising, simply said:

ARIA.

Thou'rt welcome as the flowers in May,
As sleep when the day is done,
As rich relations, as quarter-day,
As cake to the starving one.
For when you come,
With your rum-tum-tum,
To me,
With your tweedle-dee-dee,
I have no thought
Of aught
I ought,
But only think of thee.

ANTISTROPHE.

The lover started at the sight
As if he had been shot,
And, drawing forth a weapon bright, —
I can't recall just what, —
He roundly swore
He'd have her gore;
As who of us would not?



3 "The lover started at the sight
As if he had been shot."

STROPHE.

The shadows on the shade embraced, —
I would have done the same, —
One shadow clasped the other's waist,
When down the street there came,
In manner sly,
Policeman Y;
Don't know his other name.

ANTISTROPHE.

The lover, with revengeful mind,
And murder in his eye,
Crept toward the house; and, close behind,
Came too Policeman Y,
With pistol and
With club in hand;
I can't imagine why.



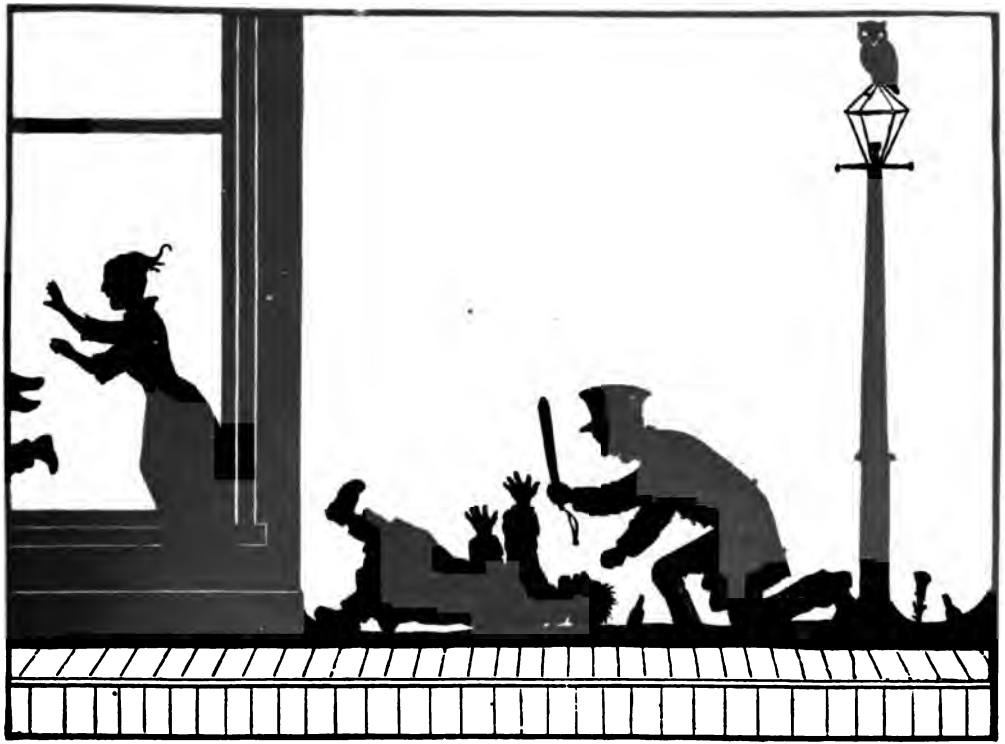
4 "When down the street there came
Policeman Y."

STROPHE.

Again the shadow figures kissed
 Upon the window-blind.
"Her doom is sealed," the lover hissed,
 In great distress of mind.
 To him, in fact,
 They seemed to act
 Decidedly unkind.

ANTISTROPHE.

He gave a most unearthly cry;
 The shadows, frightened, fled.
Then came behind Policeman Y
 And hit him on the head.
 The lover howled;
 Policeman scowled;
 "You come with me," he said.



5 "Then came behind Policeman Y
And hit him on the head."

STROPHE.

From out the house, in great alarm,
The maiden straightway came,
Supported by the manly arm
Of — can't recall his name.
"Policeman," he
Said, "What may be
This fellow's little game?"

ANTISTROPHE.

"With slung-shot, razor, yataghan,
Or arm unspecified,
I found him here," the Cop began,
"Intending homicide."
"To murder, churl,
Yon faithless girl,
I meant," the lover cried.



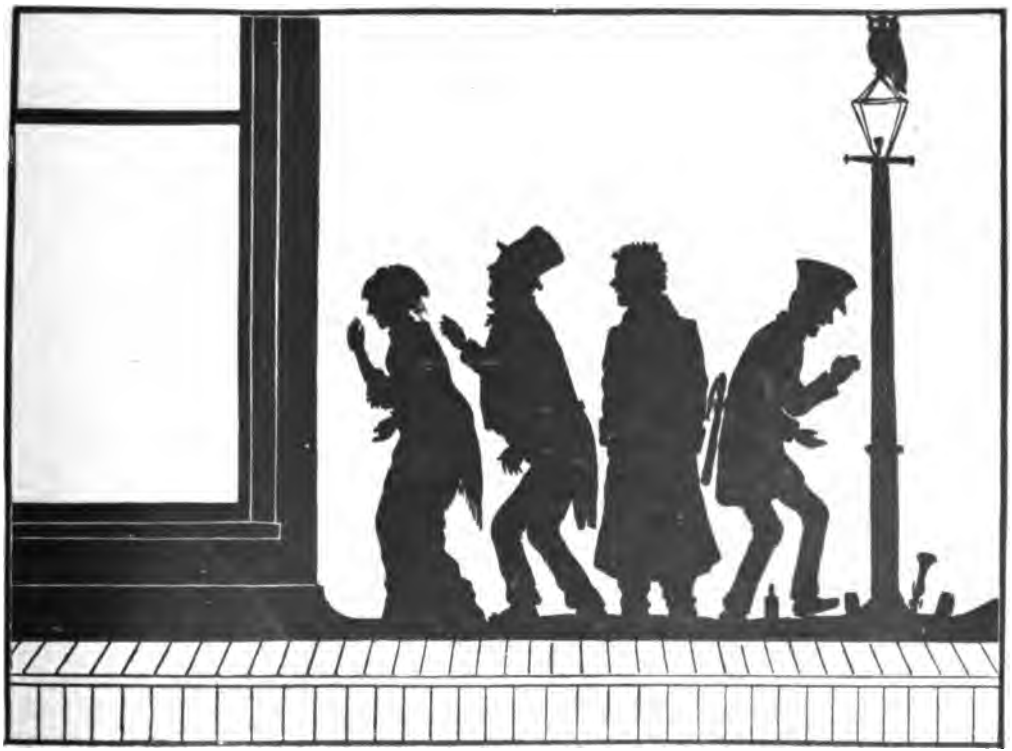
6 "From out the house in great alarm
The maiden straightway came."

STROPHE.

The maiden gave a little shriek,—
She recognized her beau,—
And for some seconds did not speak;
Then, tearfully and low,
"Oh, why," said she,
"Would'st murder me?
That's what I want to know."

ANTISTROPHE.

The lover fairly howled with rage.
Said he: "I'm pained to find
Deception, at your tender age,
With heartlessness combined.
I saw you kiss
That caitiff, miss,
In shadow on the blind!"



7 "'That caitiff' roared with laughter wild,
A loud, prolonged 'Ha, ha!'"

STROPHE.

"That caitiff" roared with laughter wild —
A loud, prolonged, "Ha, ha!"
The maiden also gently smiled,
And said: "This is my pa!"
Policeman Y.
I thought would die;
You know what "peelers" are.

ANTISTROPHE.

The lover stared in great surprise, —
No more so, though, than I, —
And colored redly to his eyes;
I can't imagine *why*.
In merriment
That peeler went
Away, nor said "Good-bye."

EPODE.

LADY.

"Let me present my father, sir."
The father forward came.

GENTLEMAN.

"And this, papa, is Mister — er —"
I quite forget his name.

LADY.

"Delighted, sir," the father said.
"I'm sorry this occurred."

GENTLEMAN.

The swain said, turning very red:
"Don't say another word."

BOTH.

And then all three
Laughed heartily;
Though *why* I never heard.

Appendix to Anonymous.

Two readers, a lady and a gentleman, are essential to the proper performance of this piece. The lady should read the strophic stanzas and the "aria" belonging to them, the gentleman the antistrophic portion and its "ballad"; the epode being managed by the two together as directed in the text. The performers should accompany with appropriate action not only the descriptive verse, but the songs as well, in true operatic style; that is, if the performer of the lover's part can contrive to do so, while simultaneously singing and playing the flute. The singing is, of course, an imaginary performance, for various reasons; among others, the author is not aware of any tunes that could be employed. Although the descriptive treatment of the characters is intermittent, — the maiden and lover being exclusively dealt with in alternation, — their action should by no means correspond. While following slavishly that particular reader who has them in charge, they should still retain sufficient independence of his guidance to enable them to fill up with appropriate "business" his occasional intervals of desertion.

The proper scenic arrangement of the screen is represented in the pictures. It should be divided into two unequal parts, of which the smaller, occupying one-third of its area, should represent a huge window, and the larger, the street outside. These two divisions constitute the proper theatres of action, respectively, of the maid and her father, and of the lover and Policeman Y., all of whom should take pains to confine their antics within their several limits, unless otherwise ordered by the text. The window portion of the screen requires no decoration besides the profile indicating its character, and the lady's chair. The part representing the street should be pro-

vided, at its base, with a pasteboard profile about six inches high, to counterfeit the snow in which the lover is supposed to wade, and also with the lamp-post bearing the owl. This lamp-post is described in the text as "ruined," but the illustrator, for some reason best known to himself, has seen fit to depict it in all its youthful vigor and solvency; those who represent this pantomime can choose between his notion and the author's, or reject both, to suit themselves.

The action of the lover should, throughout, emphasize the fact that it is winter; he should stamp his feet, blow on his fingers, and thresh his arms as people usually do when cold, whenever there is nothing else indicated by the text for him to do. The old boots, bottles, and other articles which are apparently thrown from an upper window in the house, are really tossed over the lamp by some one behind it. With these hints the pantomime is considered ready for representation.

CINDERELLA, OR THE MAGIC SLIPPER:

A SHADOW PANTOMIME

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

LONG, long ago, in some outlandish clime
Remote from us in place as well as time,
A maiden lived — and lived no life of ease —
Quite happy even in *extremities;*
For, with her pretty face and tiny feet,
She could not fail in making *both ends meet.*

Her name was Cinderella. "Pooh!" say you,
"Can't you contrive to give us something new?"
A just rebuke. We know the tale is old,
But hope to please you by the way it's told;
For yonder, on the screen, you'll see displayed
The pictured story of that fabled maid.

The *lights* and *shadows* of her crossed career
We mean to let you see as well as hear.
Will that be satisfactory? Yes? Good!
I thought — indeed, I almost knew it would.
But view our play by prejudice untainted,
You'll find us not so *black* as we are *painted.*

Now to our tale. The lighted screen reveals
An humble kitchen, on whose hearthstone kneels
Our heroine engaged in the pursuit
Of polishing her father's cow-hide boot;
Her daily task. Observe its size, and say
If 'tis not work enough for one whole day.

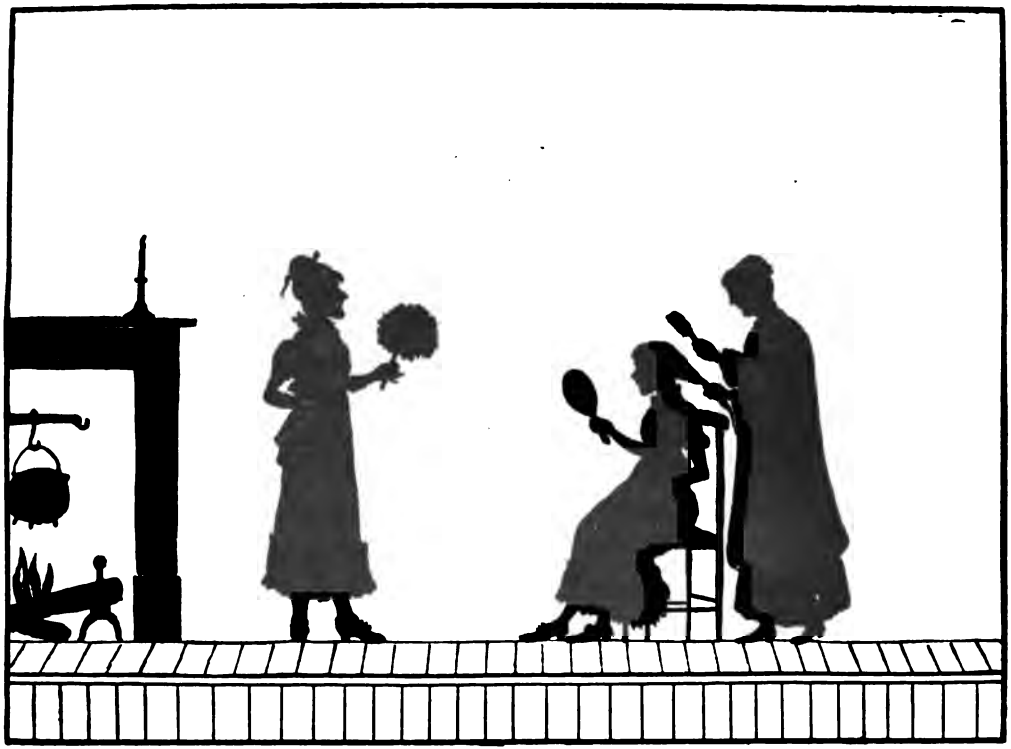
Yet that was but a tithe of her day's labors:
She had to buy — or borrow from the neighbors —
The family dinner, cook it, serve it too,
And wash the dishes when the rest were through;
To sweep, to dust, to make the beds, and then —
To wake at daybreak and begin again.

Two older sisters had she — more's the pity —
Whose faces were as plain as hers was pretty,
Whose matchless ugliness in form and feature
Stood quite unrivalled by a living creature.
You don't believe me? Here they are to prove it.
If any doubt exists they'll soon remove it.

This ugly pair, whose minds were, like their faces,
Devoid of sweetness and all natural graces,
Viewed Cinderella's charms with hate because
They were n't one tenth as pretty as she was;
Assailed her patient toil with envious stricture,
Yet used her as their maid, as in the picture.

They made her do their hair — 'twas theirs; they bought it —
And if it wasn't right, my! how she caught it!
She laced them, rouged them, powdered them each day,
Receiving slaps and tweaks by way of pay,
And polished up, whenever time allowed her,
Their artificial teeth with charcoal powder.

These sisters were, as you have no doubt guessed,
Two fashionable belles in great request.
Week in, week out, they went from ball to ball,
While Cinderella had no fun at all;
And when *they* gave a spread aristocratic
They locked that damsel safely in the attic.



Cind 1 "Yet used her as their maid, as in the picture."

Well, on the day on which our tale commences,
The Prince, in whose domain their residence is,
Gave a reception ending with a ball,
To which he asked his subjects one and all;
His object being to select a mate —
The prettiest and best in all his State.

Now as each sister fondly hoped, despite
Her ugly face, that possibly she might
Entrap his Highness, both resolved to go;
Likewise their father, yonder ancient beau
Who skips before you, anything but loth
To marry off his daughters, one or both.

As usual 'twas Cinderella's lot
To stay at home. Society was not
Her proper sphere, her sisters said, and though
In tears she begged them, would not let her go;
Laughed at her dirty face and common clothes,
And left her weeping as the picture shows.



2 "Laughed at her dirty face and common clothes,
And left her weeping, as the picture shows."

Then happened a strange thing. Scarce half a second
Had they been gone, as Cinderella reckoned,
When down there popped a creature from the ceiling,
With such abruptness as to set her squealing,
A being quaint, with manners quite unnerving,
Who struck a lovely attitude, observing:

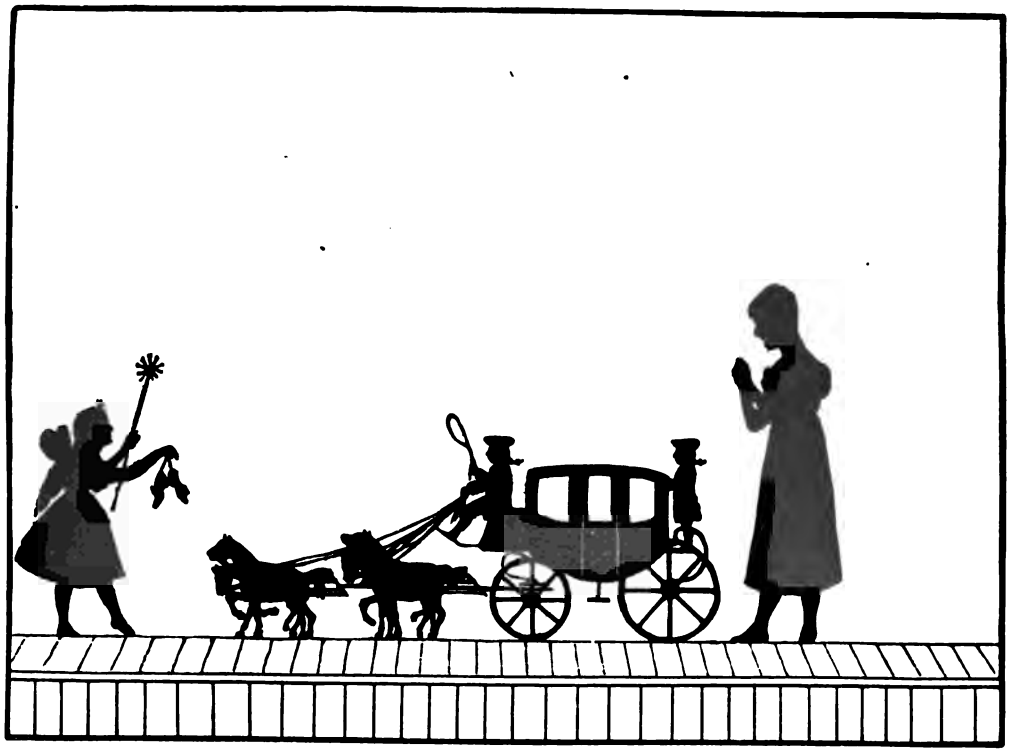
"Be re-assured, you have no cause to fear;
I am your fairy godmother, my dear.
Of all your race by far the worthiest scion,
Your patient toil I long have had my eye on,
And, though you may have thought I meant to slight you,
I've always sought to suitably requite you.

"The time is come. About this ball to-night;
You'd like to go to it? Well, so you might
If you had aught to wear. Just wait a minute;
I'll try my wand — I think there's something in it.
Will that do? Yes? I felt quite sure I'd hit you.
Now try these slippers on — I know they'll fit you."

And so they did — the tiniest little pair
Of crystal shoes that mortal e'er did wear,
Which, fitting like a glove, without a wrinkle,
Accompanied each step with pleasant tinkle.
From head to foot the fairy's art did show her
So changed her relatives would never know her.

Nor was this all. The fairy straightway brought
A pumpkin and a trap, in which were caught
Two rats, and placed them on the kitchen floor;
Then waved her wand, and lo! a coach and four
Stood in their place, by magic transformation,
To bear her godchild to her destination.

"Go now," the fairy said, "my child, but mind you
Remember, if the stroke of twelve shall find you
Still at the ball, the spell will then be o'er —
Your dress will turn to rags as 'twas before.
Mind, leave at twelve; on this your luck depends."
With that she vanished — and the First Part ends.



3 "Then waved her wand, and lo! a coach and four
Stood in their place."

Part II.

Part Second now begins. Imagine, please,
The scene a ball-room. In such plays as these
The fancy must supply the scene's defect —
'Twas so in Shakspere's time, please recollect.
Imagine that 'tis crowded too, though really
The screen discloses four performers merely:

The Prince, with bearing proud and ceremonial,
The sisters, full of projects matrimonial,
And their papa, engaged in gormandizing
The Prince's "spread" in way demoralizing.
The rest — the unseen crowd, you understand —
Are waltzing to the music of the band.

An hour ago it was the sisters came,
Intent upon their matrimonial game;
Tore off their things, both anxious to begin it,
And haven't since let up on it a minute.
Each one secured an ear of that poor Prince,
And both have talked unceasing ever since.



4 "Each one secured an ear of that poor Prince,
And both have talked unceasing ever since."

To answer back no chance did they afford him,
And, never dreaming that perhaps they bored him,
They talked and simpered, tapped him with a fan,
Observing girlishly: "You naughty man."
No smile his lips adorned, no laugh his eye;
He looked in vain for some excuse to fly.

His face grew pale; his breath came pantingly;
His strength was going fast; his trembling knee
Had almost dropped him fainting on the floor,
When came a knock upon the palace door.
The poor Prince saw his chance. In frantic haste
He fled the peril he so long had faced.

The sisters stared; they heard the great doors slamming.
Their greedy father even stopped his cramming.
The dancing ceased, and expectation great was
To find out who on earth that came so late 'twas.
At length the Prince — quite cured, a brand new fella'—
Returned, and, by the hand, led — Cinderella!

Yes, Cinderella; but so richly dressed
Her sisters no more knew her than the rest;
And e'en her father spoke to her as "Madam"—
In fact, he didn't know his child from Adam.
All praised her beauty save her sisters, they
Too clearly saw their last chance slip away.

Their faces burned like a Bengola light,
Now green with envy, and now red with spite;
The turned-up noses cruel Fate had sent
Were turned up higher far than Fate had meant.
The Prince, however, didn't seem to mind 'em;
He sought *sweet* looks — and he knew where to find 'em.

* * * *

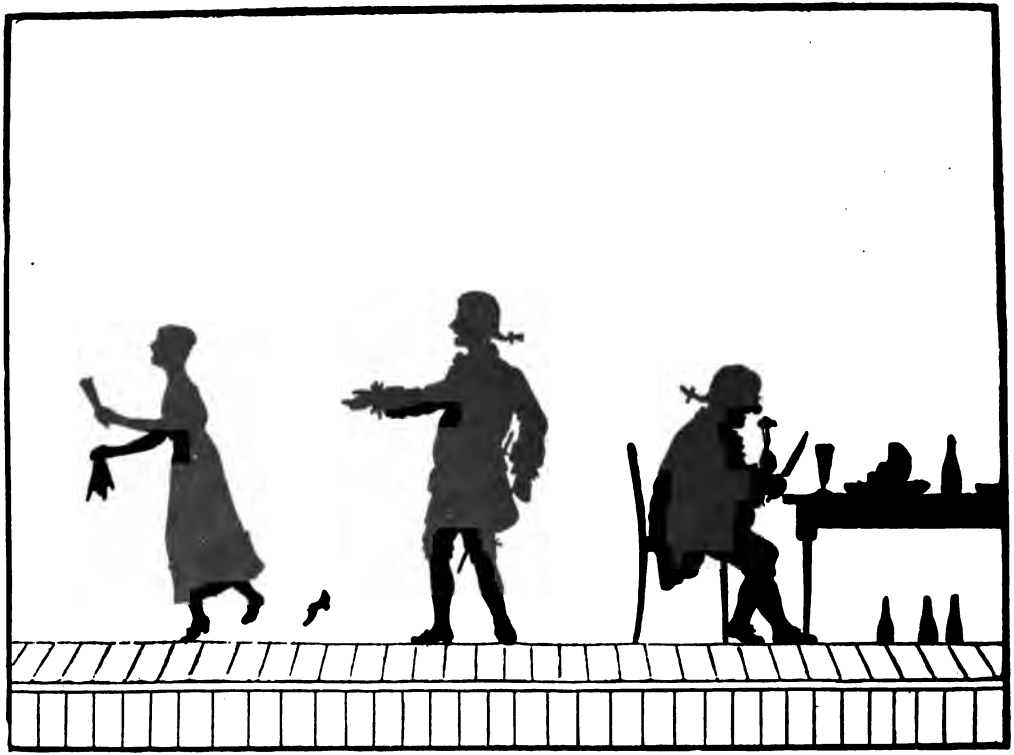
Imagine, please, that hours four have flown:
The sisters still stand sneering, all alone;
The Prince still dreams away the hours fleeting,
And Cinderella's pa still keeps on eating;
The unseen crowd are dancing Highland Flings.
Such was, at twelve o'clock, the state of things.



Cind. 5 "The Prince, however, didn't seem to mind 'em;
He sought *sweet* looks — and he knew where to find 'em."

When suddenly, from out the belfry tower,
The deep-toned bell began to toll the hour.
One! Cinderella jumped. Two! Off she tore,
And reached the entrance as the clock struck four.
Five! Six! The Prince ran in pursuit. Seven! Eight!
Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve! Alas! too late.

The maid was gone like arrow from a bow.
In vain they searched the palace high and low,
No trace of her, alas! the Prince could find,
Except a slipper that she left behind —
A crystal slipper, smallest of the small,
Left in her hurried flight across the hall.



"One! Cinderella jumped. Two! off she tore
And reached the entrance as the clock struck four."

A poor and trifling token that, I own,
Yet held more dearly than that Prince's throne.
He raised it gently, kissed it, I'm afraid,—
At least, he wanted to,— and then he said:
"My friends, I called you here to choose a mate,
But what my choice shall be I leave to Fate.

"Whoe'er can wear this little shoe," he said,
"That one alone, or none at all, I'll wed.
So try it on; you all shall have a chance."
He shuddered slightly as he saw advance
The elder sister. "Pshaw! Absurd!" he cried.
"Why fear? *She* couldn't get her heel inside."

And so it proved. *Her* foot the slipper pinches—
Hers was a *standard* foot of twelve good inches.
She rose in great disgust, and in her place
The other sat. Adown the prince's face
Great drops of perspiration were a-flowin';
But all for naught — *she* couldn't get her toe in.



7 "He shuddered slightly as he saw advance
The elder sister."

She too arose and flounced away disgusted.
Whose slipper 'twas they never once mistrusted,
Till suddenly there skipped in, mighty airy,
Our heroine, in charge of that same fairy,
But ragged now, and dirty as a miser;
None but her relatives could recognize her.

"What," cried her sisters, "you here, miss, how dare ye?
Be off at once." "Shut up," remarked the fairy.
Then to the Prince, "Your Highness, here's my daughter.
To have a trial she too surely orter."
"Most certainly," said he, and bade her sit.
She tried it on — it was a perfect fit!!

The fairy waved her wand — rich clothing graced her.
The Prince cried: "Here's my choice," and then embraced her.
The sisters changed their tone at once and kissed her;
"For, after all," said they, "she is our sister."
The fairy vanished with a farewell greeting,
And, through it all, the father kept on eating.



8 "The Prince cried: 'Here's my choice,' and then embraced her."

Appendix to Cinderella.

This pantomime is particularly designed for children; whether it will amuse them or not can only be determined by trial. It is a very slightly embellished version of the familiar nursery tale bearing the same title, to which authority are referred all performers who desire information regarding "business," costumes and the like, that is not to be found in these pages.

The different scenes appropriate to the two Parts may be indicated, as in the illustrations, by the presence or absence of the profile fireplace (the illustrator, by the way, has omitted this feature in two of the pictures), or merely by "labels" appropriately inscribed. In either case a short interval should elapse between the Parts, during which the screen should be darkened. The transformation of Cinderella's dress may be effected by simply allowing her loose outer garment to fall to the floor, where it will be quite invisible. In order to make the contrast greater, her second dress should be tight-fitting and considerably shorter than the first, which should be especially contrived with a view to ease in "shedding," and should be so *thin* as to make but a small heap when allowed to fall carelessly to the floor. The conversion of the pumpkin and rats into a coach-and-four may be brought about as follows: two profiles of the proper form may be cut out of pasteboard, the one representing the vegetable team being large enough to completely cover the other, but neither being more than two feet in height. These, during the performance, are to be placed together, the coach in front and pumpkin in the rear, in such position that the shadow of the latter will quite hide that of the former, when Cinderella at the fairy's bidding drags them upon the stage and stands them against the middle of the screen. Once there, a touch of the godmother's wand will suffice to overset the pumpkin flat on the floor — in which position it will be quite invisible — and

thus throw into shadow the coach which it obscures. This, if done quickly and neatly, and if due care is taken by Cinderella not to forestall the trick during her necessary transportation of the profiles, will have the effect of an instantaneous transformation. Great care should be taken, however, that *both* profiles are not knocked over instead of one. Of course Cinderella does not get *into* a coach of this description, except in the imagination of the spectators; it is intended that the curtain shall fall before this supposed attempt on her part.

The entrances and exits of the fairy, and of Cinderella when the two enter together, should be *over the light*, as described in the appendix to Orpheus. As the besetting vice of Cinderella's parent is alleged to be gluttony, his "make-up" and action should be appropriate. He is to eat incessantly, during the second Part, at a table provided for him and stocked with a variety of pasteboard viands. These may be of any sort desired — the more absurd the better — and may be used over and over again, by merely being passed back of the performer's head, dropped behind him, picked up when opportunity serves, and again eaten — in shadow. Besides these edible profiles, which should lie flat on the table, and be, consequently, quite invisible until taken up by the actor, the festal board should be spread with a variety of dishes intended to be permament, and to give, by their tempting (?) appearance, some justification for his gastronomic efforts. The feet of the two sisters should be padded to enormous proportions, in order to give as humorous an effect as possible to their trial of the slipper; and their appearance should, in other respects, correspond with the unlovely size of their extremities.

If desired, the "unseen crowd" of the second Part may become visible and execute a dance of some sort; the action of the piece being suspended meanwhile. This can be very easily and prettily arranged in shadow, and may occur, in the representation, at the point indicated in the text by a line of asterisks.

IN PAWN:

A SHADOW PANTOMIME IN FOUR ACTS AND A PROLOGUE.

ALSO, IN BLANK VERSE.

CHARACTERS:

MR. WHITE, *an Exponent of Virtue*,
MR. BLACK, *an Exponent of Villany*,
MR. GREY, *an Exponent of Mediocrity*,
MISS GREEN, *an Exponent of Verdancy*,
A NATIVE.
AN ELEPHANT.
MORE NATIVES.
ANOTHER ELEPHANT.

MR. BLACK'S GHOST, *an Exponent of Roguery.*

ACT I.—THE BOGUS DIME.
ACT II.—THE AUTHOR'S CRIME.
ACT III.—THE FOREIGN CLIME.
ACT IV.—THE GRAND GOOD TIME.

PROLOGUE.

In dreamy Hull, that index of the state
Of Massachusetts politics, once dwelt
The characters of this most gruesome tale;
In all, three men, a maiden and a boy —
Its total population.
First of these —
By several years the first man in the place —
Was Mr. White, a stanch Republican,
Whose source of income was the peanut trade.
His place of business was the public street;
His roof a huge umbrella's mighty span,
'Neath which he sat and thought, when trade was dull,
Of Democratic frauds, and planned reforms
In Civil Service — how he best might gain
A nice fat lodge in some vast Custom House.
But chiefest 'mongst his dreams and ponderings,
The image of a beauteous damosel
Ever appeared. No sweetheart she, nor wife;

Merely his ward, Miss Green — a legacy
Bequeathed him by a certain bankrupt friend,
Who, dying, left his daughter and his debts.
To Mr. White. Two sacred trusts which he
Accepted; giving one a father's care,
And diligently adding to the other.
For in the maid's fair face the good man saw
Great promise of a coming loveliness
Which might, perchance, in future years entrap
Some callow millionaire — such things have been —
In matrimonial noose; and thus provide
For his declining years an easy berth.
With this intent he kept the damsel close;
Fed full her pride with cunning praise of wealth;
And sought to block the avenues of her heart
To mean addresses.

All, alas! in vain;
For, spite her guardian's care, Miss Green had met
And loved one Grey, the village pawnbroker.
This youth, as far as mere externals went,
In sooth was fair to see; but in his heart
He harbored much offence. A Democrat
Was he, a loathed Democrat, than whom

None else were held by White in fouler scorn.
Yet was he rich, withal; and so Miss Green,
Who bore her guardian's counsels much in mind,
Deemed it no harm to give her heart to him.
Alas! the guileless maiden never dreamed
What bitter hates sometimes engendered are
By party feeling and by party war.

Act I.

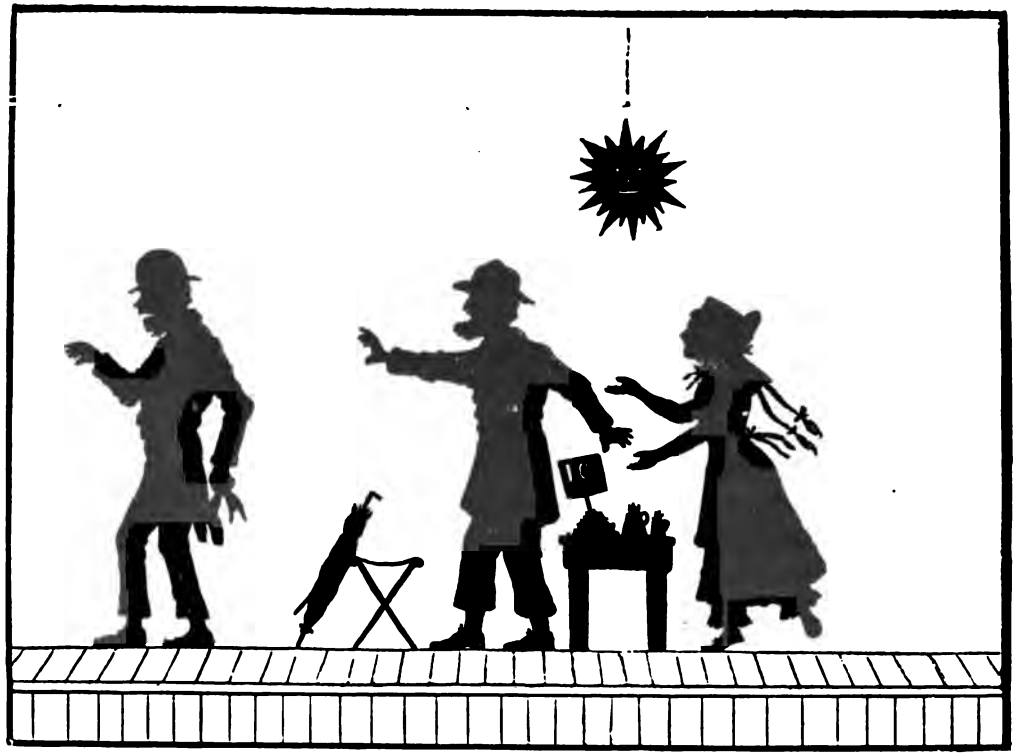
THE BOGUS DIME.

Our lurid tale begins. The glowing sun
Was rising, ruddy, from his ocean bath,
Electro-plating with a wash of gold
The domes and minarets of sleeping Hull,
As Mr. White one summer morn was seen
To take his way adown its empty streets,
Bearing upon his back his stock in trade.
Anon he paused, and sought a proper site
Whereon to build his shop. This soon he found;
And, setting down his load, he straight upreared
His bench, and spread in rich abundance o'er
Its broad expanse his luscious merchandise.
Then, placing certain placards here and there,
Upon which were set down in clerkly script
The current prices of his varied wares,
He spread his gamp, and sat him down to bide
The daily ebb and flow of Commerce' tide.
This self-same morn it chanced that Mr. Grey,
Worn out by doubts and fears, rose up betimes,

And sought his love; who finally agreed
To change her maiden Green to sober Grey,
And gave her coy consent to be his wife.
So, hand in hand, they dutifully came
And stood in sheepish attitude before
Her guardian's peanut stand. Then quoth the youth:
"A boon, most reverend sir, I humbly crave —
The hand of yon fair damosel." "So, so!"
Made answer White. "Gadzooks! What off'rest thou
That thou shouldst look to wed thus parlous high?
What are thy revenues?" Responded Grey:
"A pawnbroker am I, and, 'mongst the guild
I own I am accounted passing rich."
"Dost love the maid?" asked White. "Beshrew me, but
I do," said he. "I'd rather win her hand
Than that these eyes should see a Democrat
Ascend the Presidential chair." White frowned.
"A Democrat!" he cried. "Art thou then one
Of that most knavish and abandoned pack?"
"Knave in thy teeth," cried Grey, "thou greybeard loon!
A Democrat am I, and yet no knave."
"Enough!" said White. "Come hither, girl, to me;
And let the thunders of my righteous wrath

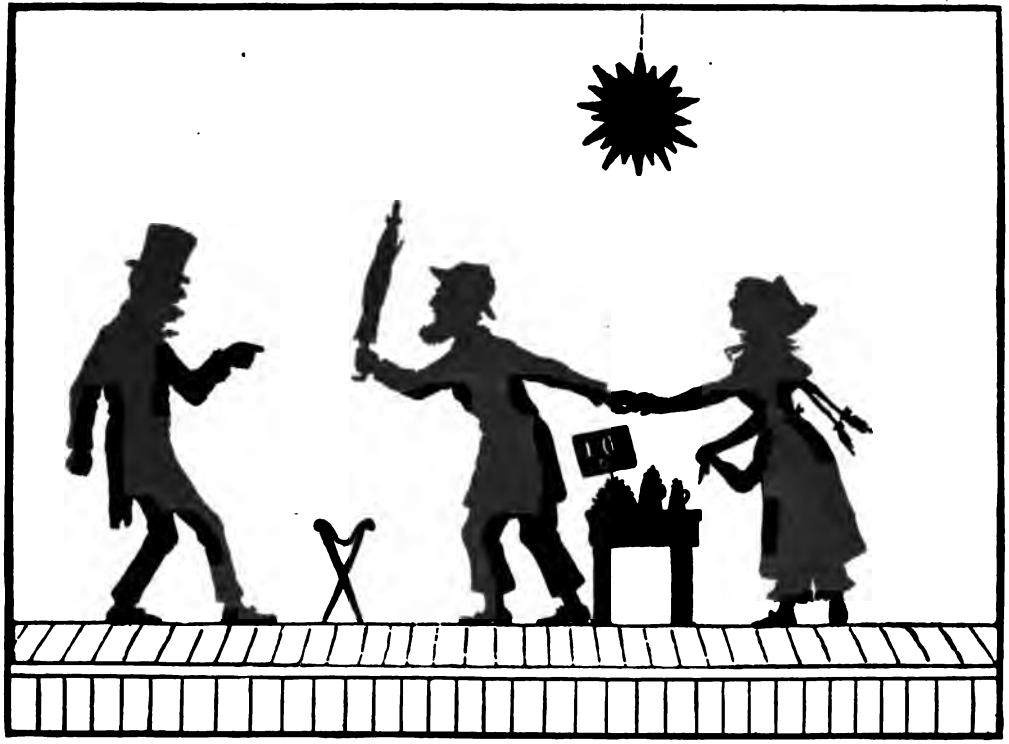
Curdle thy love to hate. Thou, caitiff, go;
For, rather than this maid should marry thee,
With my own hand I'd slit her weasand white,
And — yes — e'en pay her funeral bills myself."
He paused; and with a threat'ning gesture waved
The swain aside. He scornful turned and cast
One lingering look upon the weeping maid,
Then bowed his head, and went his silent ways.

Scarce had the damsel wept a half a pint
Beneath the lash of White's reproving tongue,
When down the street there came, with cat-like tread,
One Black, a starveling author, from whose quill
The copy flowed that filled the Hull "Trombone;"
A lean and hungry wight, upon whose brow
The brand of several Cains was plainly writ.
By some unwonted luck the knave had found,
Within the pocket of his last spring's pants,
A bogus dime composed of purest lead;
And so he came with villanous intent
To *shove* it on the unsuspecting White,
Whom thus he hailed: "A quart of peanuts, please;
And mind they're good ones or I trade elsewhere."
With that he cast, with seeming carelessness,



In Pawn 1 "He paused, and with a threat'ning gesture waved
The swain aside."

His dime upon the board; whereon it fell
With leaden *thud*. "Ha, softly now," cried White.
"I like me not the ring of that same coin;"
And threw it back, remarking haughtily,
"N. G. Thy dime is bogus." "Ha!" hissed Black,
"Foiled, vanquished, crushed! Beaten at every point
Where most I thought to beat." Then, speaking loud
And bitterly, he said: "Behold the fruits
Of thrice accursed Resumption. How we slave
And toil to win this bi-metallic trash,
Which, won, is but as dirt within our hands.
Give *me* soft money!" "Greenbacker!" gasped White.
"Well, I should cachinnate," the other said.
"Thou mayest wager thy sweet life I am."
"Aroint thee, then!" cried White. "My peanuts ne'er
Shall serve to feed inflationistic maw."
Cried Black: "An insult! But I'll have revenge!
I'll print thee in my paper." "Do," said he;
"'Twill advertise me." "True," the other hissed.
"More fell revenge be mine. Thy child! Ha! ha!
Through her I'll strike!" White caught her in his arms.
"Go on," sneered he, "and do thy level worst —"
And with this tableau closes Act the First.



2 "'More fell revenge be mine. Thy child! Ha, ha!
Through her I'll strike.' White caught her in his arms."

Act II.

THE AUTHOR'S CRIME.

'Twas night; the city's din was stilled; the moon,
The only watcher with the dying day,
Was rising solemnly, when from her home,
Despite her guardian's watch, Miss Green contrived
To 'scape, and fled with eager haste to seek
Her lover's domicile. But not alone.
Quite unobserved by her, behind her back,
A figure followed clad in stealthy cloak,
In wide sombrero and in false moustache,
That boded her no good. On, on they went
Until they reached a still, suburban square —
(Although they knew it not) her swain's abode.
Then first from out the dark uprose the shade,
Threw off his hat and cloak, and stood revealed

As Black, the needy author. Loudly screamed
The maid, and said: "What wouldst thou have with me?"
With iron grasp the villain seized her wrist,
And, hissing low, replied: "I'd *pawn* thee, girl,
At yonder broker's shop; and on thy price
I'd live a life of ease in foreign parts.
'Tis my revenge for thy false guardian's scorn."
With that he cast his cloak about her head,
And, smothering her shrieks within its folds,
Across the square the fainting maid he bore,
And hammered loudly on the broker's door.

Anon the portal oped; and issued forth,
In costume of the night, young Grey, who asked
With trembling voice, "Who's there?" Thus answered Black:
"Good sir, forgive this most untimely call.
'Tis business brings me — I would pawn yon girl."
"Odds fish! Dost give me taffy, sir?" sneered Grey.
"My shop is closed; and more, thy pledge is not
Of proper sort." "Nay, nay, sir malapert,"
The other said; "be not too previous.
Look at thy bargain ere thou call'st it off."

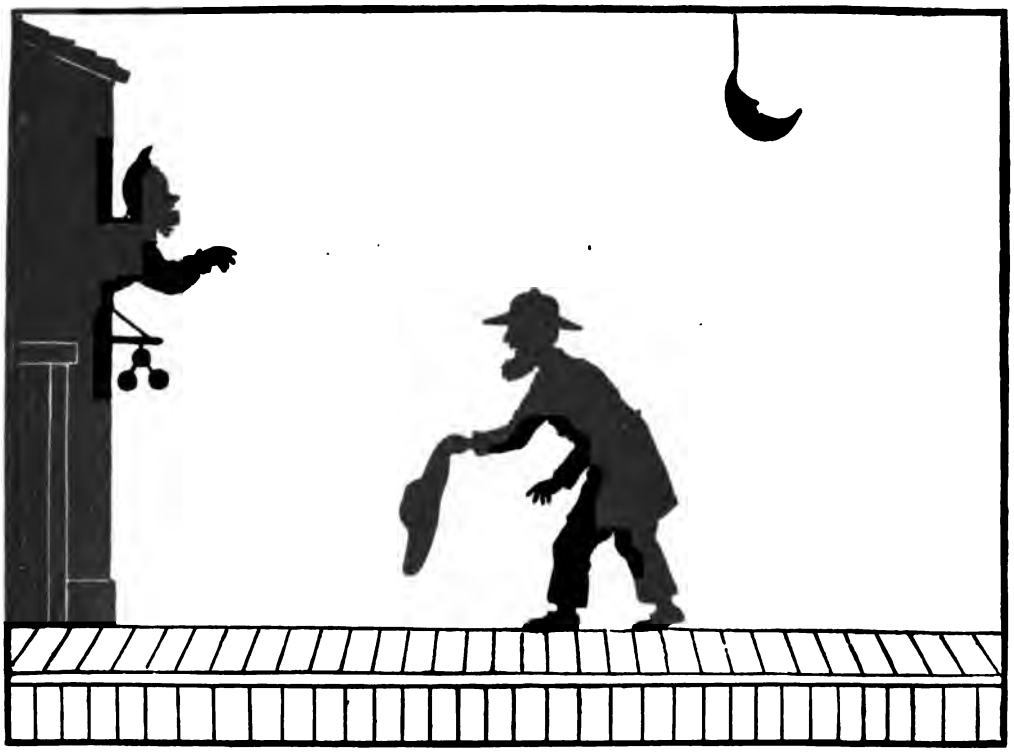
He plucked the cloak from off the damsel's face,
And said: "What now? Seest thou thy money's worth?"
A cry of joy escaped the loving pair
Thus strangely met. This Mr. Black observed;
And holding back the maid, who fain would run
To seek the shelter of her lover's arms,
He said: "So, so, thou knowest her it seems.
Methinks thou'lt bargain yet." "Ay, by my fay,
I will," cried Grey. "What askest thou for her?"
"My price is raised," said Black. "A while ago
Ten dollars would have bought what now is held
At fifty thousand; for thy too great zeal
Hath raised the market." "Curses on my luck!"
Hissed Grey. "Why did I not restrain my joy,
And get her lower?" Then aloud, "Too high.
I'll give ten thousand." "Nay," the other said,
"I never haggle." "Twenty, then," cried Grey.
The author turned as if to go away.
"Remorseless wretch!" the tortured broker cried;
"Come back. I'll give thee what thou askest, tho'
'Tis all my fortune." "Done!" cried Black. "A trade!
Make out the ticket and the bargain's made."



3 "He plucked the cloak from off the damsel's face
And said: 'What now? See'st thou thy money's worth?'"

With trembling hand Grey wrote the fell receipt;
And, making out a bill of sale of all
His goods, he gave them both to Black, and said:
"Now, go." Black smiled a cunning smile. "I will,"
Said he. "I've barely time to catch the train
For India, so fare you well;" and went.
"Ta, ta," said Grey with sadness in his voice.
Then to the maiden, "Never doubt his love
Who gave his all in payment for thy smile."
"And yet," she pouted, "didst thou seek to buy
My ransom cheap." "'Twas not," he cried, "that I
Prized thee the less, but loved I business more."
Convinced, they kissed, went in and shut the door.

Then came with meteor's speed upon the scene
That good man White, who, missing his fair ward,
Had thought to find her at her lover's house.
With angry hand he knocked, and knocked again.
At length from out an upper window peeped
The wily Grey, and said: "Odds bodkins, knave!
Something too much of this. Go home to bed,
And sleep it off." "Vile Democrat," cried he,
"Give me my daughter. I am Mr. White."



4 "He stooped and raised the huge sombrero which Was part of Black's disguise."

"Is't so?" said Grey. "I cry you mercy, sir.
I recognized you not. I hope you're well."
"Give me my child!" bawled White. "Nay, sir," said Grey,
"I've seen her not. Since eight o'clock I've slept
The sleep of innocence, and nothing known
Of aught till now. So fare you well, good sir,
Good-night and pleasant dreams." With this remark
He closed the casement with a sounding slam.
White ground his teeth in rage, and muttered low:
"Where then to look? Aha, what have we here?"
He stooped and raised the huge sombrero which
Was part of Black's disguise, and which was left
Forgotten in his flight. "A trace," cried he.
With eager hand he drew from out its crown
A card which read as follows: *Please return*
To Black, Esquire, Jungles, India,
In case of loss. "'Tis then thy work," he hissed,
"Thou dread inflationist. Thou'st ta'en my child
To gain thy sworn revenge. Poor miscreant!
Thy hat, by Heaven's grace, hath worked thy fall."

Then, falling on his knees, he cried: "I swear
To follow thee, and neither eat nor sleep
Till I return to thee thy vile *chapeau*,
And take thy life as suitable reward."
He started off to get his wardrobe packed,
And with his exit ends the Second Act.

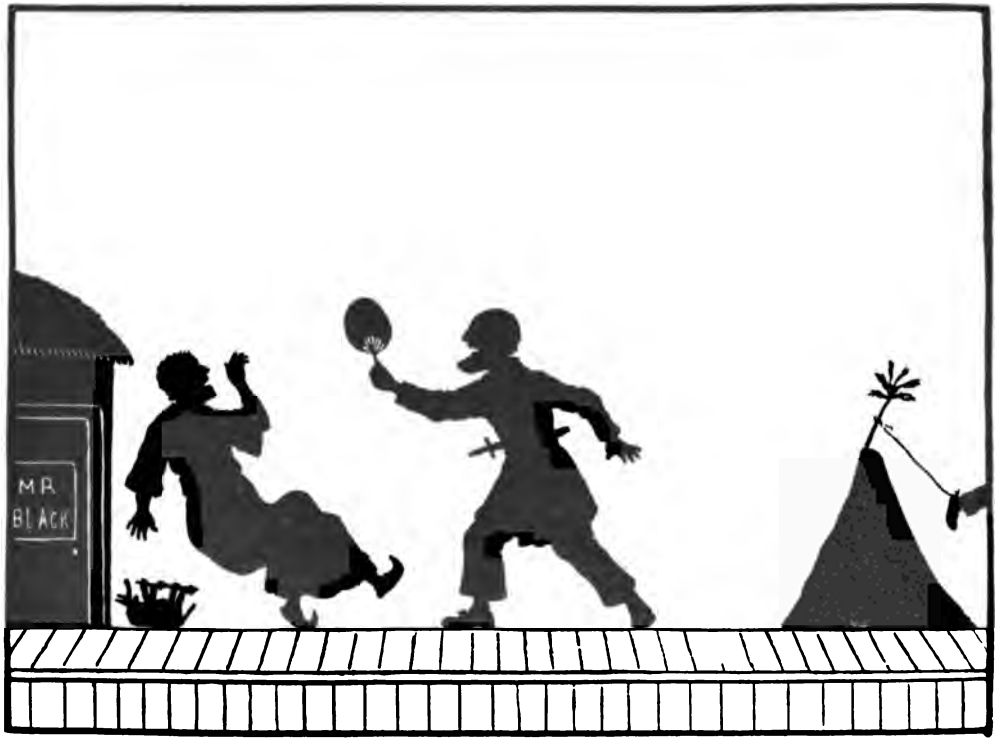
Act III.

THE FOREIGN CLIME.

Six months elapsed, of wedded joys for Grey,
Of ceaseless journeying for Mister White,
Who finally arrived, footsore and worn,
In India. Across a jungle dense,
Extending from the Himalaya's base
Unnumbered miles, he plodded on and on,
With hat in hand and vengeance in his heart,
Until he reached his goal — Black's *bungalow*.
With joyful cry he stopped, and first compared
The doorplate with the address in the hat.
Then, finding it the same, with leathern thong
He tied securely to a mountain palm
His faithful elephant; and drawing forth
His trusty dagger and a palm-leaf fan,
He sat him down to rest and wait his man.

Scarce was he seated when approaching steps
Compelled him to withdraw. First came two slaves,
With many bows and marks of great respect,
Then Black, magnificently dressed, who led
With golden cord his pet White Elephant.
With haughty grace he stroked the creature's back,
And gave some orders to his serving-men,
Who straight departed with a low salaam.
White saw his chance, and on his hands and knees,
With bowie-knife in teeth, crept softly towards
His unsuspecting foe; but scarce had he
Advanced a yard when Black had changed his mind,
And, calling back his slaves, forced him to hide.
Again the louts went off. A second time
Did White creep out upon his luckless foe.
Alas! again the vacillating Black
Unconsciously defeated him! Once more
The varlets took their leave, — this time for good, —
And White crawled unimpeded on until
He stood 'twixt Black and safety. Then
In mighty wrath he rose upon his feet,

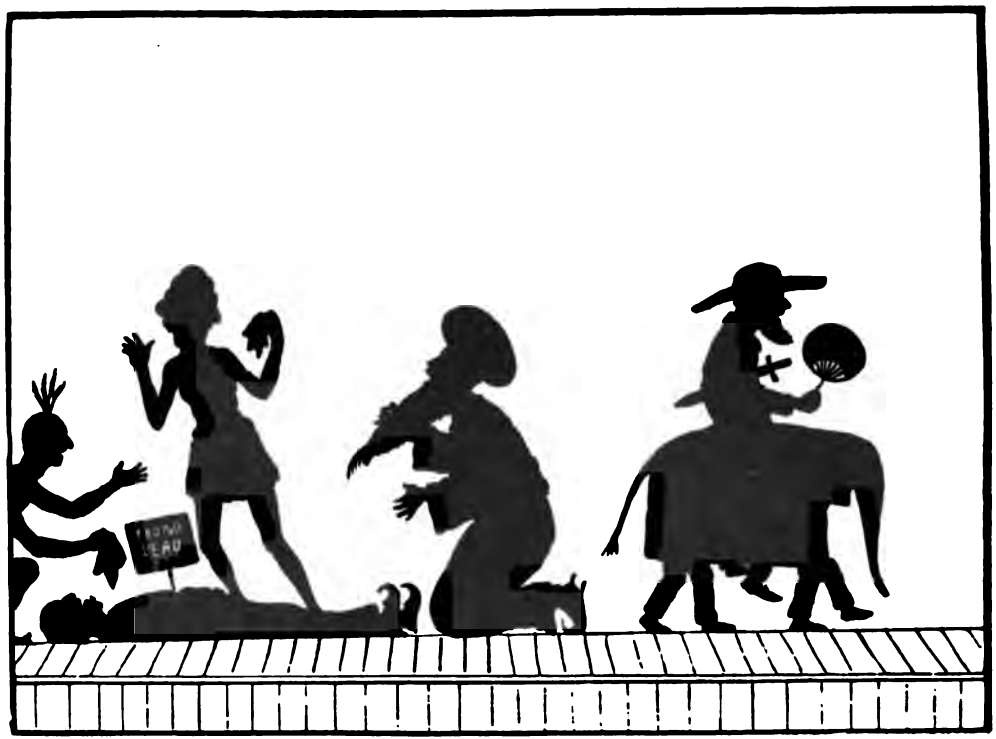
He said: "Choose thou thy weapon." Answered Black:
"Gramercy to thee, sir. If fight I must,
Then choose I yon Toledo blade; for I
Am little skilled in uses of the fan."
He took the knife, expecting thus to gain
A base advantage, and with crafty smile
Bade White be on his guard. The fight began.
At first they crossed their arms in peaceful proof
Of fair intent, and then resounding clashed
The sword against the fan in nimble fence.
One! two! above, one! two! below they fought,
In true theatric style, until at length
Black summoned all his strength, and drove his sword
With well-directed thrust right through White's heart,
Wherein it stuck. White not so much as winked,
But, with a mighty effort, waved his fan
Full in his foeman's face, who downward fell



6 "But with a mighty effort waved his fan
Full in his foeman's face, who downward fell
And died without a groan."

And died without a groan. "Revenged!" cried White,
And sheathed his bloody fan. Then, stooping down,
He carefully removed the dead man's watch —
"For there's no longer use in keeping watch,"
Said he, "upon a corpse" — and further sought
For evidence of guilt. Eftsoons he drew
Two folded papers forth — the bill of sale
And broker's ticket given for his child!
He read them through, and saw the fatal plot,
Alas! too late. "Poor Black!" said he, "thou'rt dead.
That can't be helped; but by thy death I gain
A weapon 'gainst a greater enemy.
This bill of sale, vile Grey, will settle you;
I'll have my daughter and thy fortune too."

He sought to go, but from the house there poured
Black's faithful servitors, who, seizing him,
Cried: "Villain, stay! Thou'st slain our lord." "'Tis so,"
He proudly said; "but in fair fight. Behold!"



7 **"Remounted on his steed without a word,**
And, leaving, put an end to Act the Third."

And pointed to the sword which pierced his breast.
"A *duel* 'twas, from which I go not forth
Unscathed." "If that's the case," they said, "all right;"
And, falling back, they bade him go in peace.
He, placing on Black's breast a little card
Which read: "Found dead by agency unknown,"
Remounted on his steed without a word,
And, leaving, put an end to Act the Third.

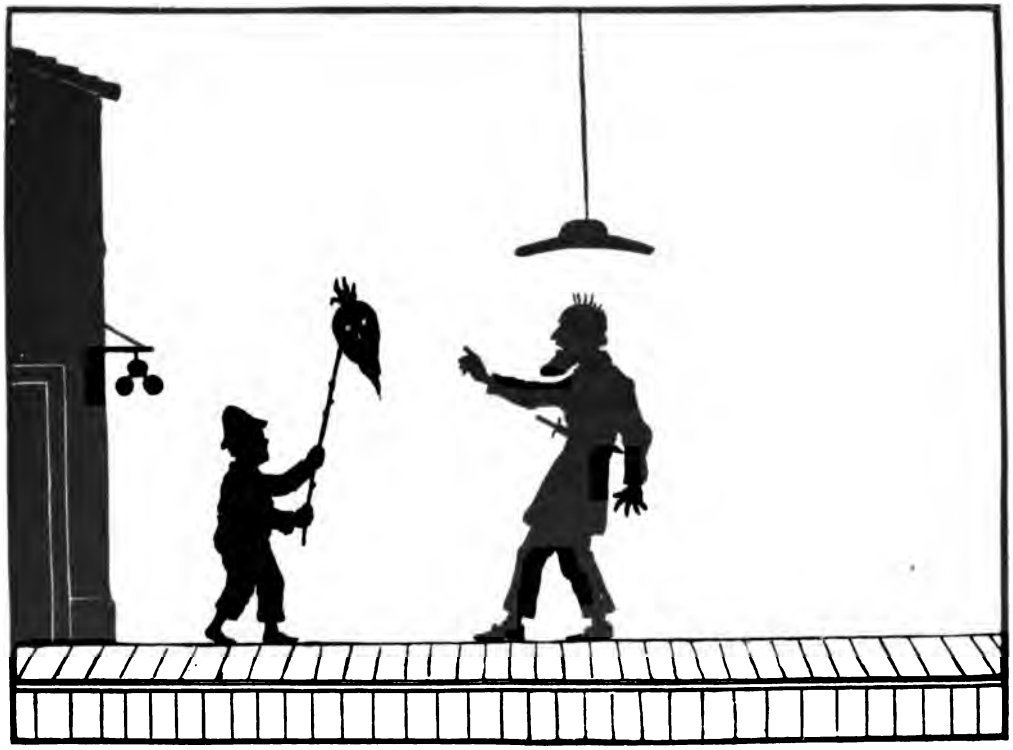
Act IV.

THE GRAND GOOD TIME.

Six months had come and gone ere Mr. White,
Enfeebled by the sword that pierced his breast,
Returned, and set once more his lagging feet
Within his native Hull. Six weary months!
With falt'ring steps he passed along its streets
One summer's eve, a broken man, but still
Intent on his revenge. At length he stood
Before that broker's house, and waved on high
His vengeance's instrument — the bill of sale.
"Ha! ha!" cried he. "The end is almost come.
I have thee, traitor, underneath my thumb."
He started for the door, but scarce had he
Advanced a step, when in his path there rose
A shape of dreadful and portentous mien —
A hollow turnip with a lamp inside,
Manœuvred by a roguish little boy.

"'Tis Black!" he shrieked. "I recognize the nose.
Avaunt, dread shape!" The spectre nothing said,
But slowly moved toward the shrinking White.
"Keep off!" he cried. "I'm not the man you seek."
Then, sinking on his knees, he made the street
Resound with cries of "Fire! Murder! Help!"
Alarmed, the little boy who played the part
Of spectral Mr. Black, ran off and hid;
And from the house rushed forth, in terror wild,
The broker Grey, the broker's wife and — child!

"What have we here?" the broker cried. "Unless
My eyes are traitors I do recognize
Thy guardian, wife." "'Tis so indeed," she cried.
And, gently raising him upon his feet,
They said: "You're quite a stranger, sir." "Is't gone?"
Asked he, with fearful glance behind his back.
Grey smiled — he thought the honest man was drunk —
And cheerily replied: "Fear not, old man;
You're 'mongst your friends." "Friends!" echoed White in scorn.
Then, starting back, he said: "I know thee now,
Vile barterer of human flesh and blood!
See'st thou this paper?" "'Tis the bill of sale!"



8 — "When in his path there rose
A shape of dreadful and portentous mien."

Cried Grey; "I'm lost!" "Ay, so," hissed White, in glee;
"I'll sell thee up as once thou soldest me."
Grey bowed in grief his head upon his breast,
And groaned: "My punishment has come." A while
White gazed in triumph on his fallen foe,
Then to his ward he said: "Thou, trollop, come
With me." "Not so," cried Grey, repulsing him.
"Thy ward is pawned, and may not, by our laws,
Be taken out but in the usual way.
Hast thou the ticket?" "I should smile," said White,
And waved the fatal pasteboard in his face.
"And can'st thou pay," sneered Grey, "the loan in full,
With interest to date at twelve per cent?"
"What's this?" cried White. Said Grey, with scornful laugh,
"The bill of sale thou hast is but the price
I gave to buy thy child. Give it to me
With one year's interest, and she is thine;
But otherwise I keep the girl IN PAWN.
And sell me up, if so thou wilt, but learn
That she who was thy ward is now my wife,
And will, on thy decease, inherit back
The proceeds of the sale." "Enough!" cried White;



9 "'Kneel thou that I with latest breath may give
A guardian's blessing to my child.'"

"I see it all. I'm balked of my revenge.
Whatever card I turn thou hold'st a trump."
His strength was failing fast. The fatal sword
That pierced his heart six months agone, at length
Had undermined his health. Upon the ground
He sank, and feebly said: "The game is thine;
I die. I'd curse you if I had the time;
But time is short, and so I merely charge
You love the girl, and mind you treat her well."
"I swear!" cried Grey. "Thanks, thanks," responded White.
"And if," said Grey, "'twill soothe thy dying ears
To hear the news, learn thou that I've become
An altered man — a stanch Republican —
Through this fair damsel's love. "I die in peace,"
Said White. "My fondest dreams are realized.
Kneel thou that I with latest breath may give
A guardian's blessing to my child." They knelt;
And he, invoking Heaven's care, expired.
With tender care, Grey, from his lifeless hand,
Removed the ticket and the bill of sale;
And, having thus looked out for number one,
He dropped a silent tear. The play is done.

Appendix to In Pawn.

This Pantomime rather ambitiously aims at supplying an entire evening's entertainment. It may or may not be necessary to explain that it is intended as a burlesque on a certain style of melodrama now happily gone out of vogue as a theatrical medium, and existing here only as the *shadow* of its former self. There are provided the orthodox villain, the conventional "simple village maiden," the customary heroic lover, and the "heavy father," who, if not the friend, is at least the bowing acquaintance of Virtue. For instruction as to the proper performance of these characters the actors are respectfully referred to the traditions of the "bucket of blood" drama of twenty years ago. There is also provided a narrative sufficiently absurd to justify the most extravagant reminiscences of said dramatic epoch, and still sufficiently coherent, it is believed, to interest an average audience, with a decent amount of effort on the part of the performers. To further this latter result the accessory aids of music and of varied scenery and costumes have been called in; and, as a sort of "clincher," a direct appeal is made in the text to the politician, the business man, the sentimentalist and the connoisseur in heroism.

The Prologue is not intended to be illustrated in pantomime. It merely serves as a sort of overture or introductory speech, and, like all such affairs, should be got through with as quickly and easily as possible. It may even be omitted altogether, if desired, though not without destroying, to some extent, the coherence of the narrative.

The piece proper commences with the first Act, which, with the exception of a profile sun worked by a string, as in the picture, asks for nothing in the way of scenery. In order to prevent misapprehensions which might arise from this extreme simplicity of arrangement, the exact locality of the Act should be authoritatively announced by a label (see preface) bearing the legend, — "A Street in Hull." Equally simple are the properties

required. A table — either a genuine one or a pasteboard imitation — to serve as White's peanut stand; a few profile pine-apples and the like, and two or three cards bearing information regarding prices, to spread it appropriately; White's umbrella and stool — á la Lone Fisherman; and, last of all, the "bogus dime." This, like all properties which are of immediate importance to the action of the piece, should be made of exaggerated size, partly on account of the humor of the thing, and partly because, in case their ordinary size be small, their character, and consequently their point, would not be otherwise apparent.

The second Act demands a profile house bearing the three balls of the pawn-broker, and provided, behind, with a step-ladder to enable Grey to thrust his (shadow) head from an upper window. A laugh may be raised — rather irrelevantly, it is true — by drawing away the profile while Grey is mounted on the steps, and exposing the mechanism of the thing. A profile moon is also to be provided, and worked, as was the sun in the last act, by a string. The *locale* of this act, too, should be definitely stated on a second label, reading, — "Another Street in Hull." It is to be remembered that these labels may be made the medium of communication between the performers and spectators on various other subjects besides the bare announcement of scenes. A variety of quaint apologies, explanations, and other legends may be cut out on cards and exhibited from time to time at lame or obscure points in the action. Local references of an amusing character may also be made in this way; and, if desired, even the characters may be ticketed.

The third Act is placed in India, a fact which should be made known by a label naively announcing, — "This is a Jungle." At one side of the stage should be placed the profile of "Black's Bungalow" with its door-plate, and at the other should appear the Himalaya mountains, as in the picture. This latter piece of scenery may bear the name — "Himalayas" — cut upon it, and, in addition, as much statistical information regarding the height and other dimensions of that range as desired. It is to a small tree growing upon the summit of this range that White ties his elephant. For this trick a well-known comical diversion can be introduced. Two men or boys personate the elephant; one repre-

sents the fore, the other the hind legs. The two bend over, placing themselves one behind the other, as represented in the engraving. A blanket, doubled three or four times, is placed on their backs, with the addition of long cushions, if handy; these serve to form the back of the elephant. Two blankets or shawls are placed over this, the end of one



twisted to represent his trunk, the end of the other twisted to represent his tail. Two paper cones enact the tusks, and the elephant is complete.

The other elephant, the one led by Black, is merely a small toy-one on wheels. The sword which transfixes White's breast is, of course, passed under his arm, and is to be held there during the remainder of the piece until his death in Act IV.

The scene of the fourth Act is the same as that of the second, and should be similarly set. Mr. Black's Ghost will present no difficulty to any one skilled in the art of carving the human countenance in the yielding substance of the common turnip; for such a work of art, mounted on a stick and manœuvred by a small boy, constitutes his Ghostship's total mystery.

The dresses in which the different characters appear in the various acts naturally change more or less to suit the requirements of the scene. Mr. White is, throughout the piece, the embodiment of smug respectability (Republican); but what is more natural than that he should appear more or less disordered amid the stirring scenes of Act II., that he should don the helmet-hat and duster of the tourist beneath the torrid sun of India, or that, in Act the last, he should appear, in dress as in all else, little more than the shadow of his former self. So, too, with Mr. Black (Inflationist). The embodiment, in Act I., of impecunious villany, he is compelled by the exigencies of the second Act to assume

the conventional hat and cloak of the *bravo*, and, in Act III., the flowing robes of the Indian potentate. Miss Green is practically unchanging, as a first-class heroine ought to be; and Mr. Grey, despite his vicissitudes of fortune, retains, for the most part, an unchanged exterior throughout the piece. In Act II., however, he is supposed to appear in night-gown and night-cap, and to bear a candle which, if real, should of course be *unlighted*. He should show in his countenance evidence of Milesian extraction (Democrat). Of course, if this pantomime is represented in any section the politics of which happen to be at variance with those animating this piece, the characters may apostatize to suit the prejudices of the audience; always, however, retaining their relative attitudes.

The "natives" of Act III. have been represented by the illustrator in the costume originally introduced by Adam; this notion may be followed, or, if modesty forbid, any substitute may be used that seems to fit the case.

A musical accompaniment at certain points in the representation will not only greatly add to its effect, but will make it much more easy for the performers to get through the stilted and inflated action necessary to the piece, by taking away, to some degree, their sense of its absurdity; for, ridiculous as it is, the actors should play it throughout with complete seriousness, and should, on no account, appear themselves to appreciate its incongruities. The "cues" for such music are not indicated in the text for two reasons: in the first place its commencement and duration are dependent rather on the action than on the lines, and, in different performances, might differ considerably; besides, to such as properly appreciate the value and utility of dramatic music, it would be quite superfluous to give "cues" — and no others should attempt this feature. The character of the music — whether "slow" or "hurried," low and plaintive, or sharply accented and mysterious — depends of course upon the requirements of the situation. The selection of appropriate airs is left to the performers, with the advice that, if they do not see the absolute dramatic necessity for music, they had better leave it out altogether, and with the caution that, if they *do* elect to employ it, they subordinate it perfectly to both actors and reader.




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